



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



0022
F3
Fair City . .

. . . Chimes,

. . . by . . .

David M. Smith.





In memory of
Dennis B King

from a gift by
Robert Minge Brown

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

To
Mr James Kirklock,
from his old friend,

D M Smith.

Perth
23rd Jan 1902 }
— " —

FAIR CITY •

• • CHIMES.

A BOOK OF VERSE

..... BY

→ DAVID MITCHELL SMITH. ←



Pertb :

WOOD & SON, 52 HIGH STREET.

MDCCCXCVIII

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
The Poet's Corner,	1
The Song of the Lark,	2
The Mountain Spring,	4
The Deil's Dub,	5
" Mes Pauvres Enfants,"	6
A Highland Shepherd,	8
The Cuckoo,	9
The Unknown Hero,	10
Heroes,	11
Robert Burns,	13
Resolve and Resolution,	15
The World and I,	17
Childhood's Hame,	18
Love's Glory,	19
Life's Feast,	20
The Caged Linnet,	21
Enthusiasm,	22
The Mavis' Nest,	24
In Lodgings,	25
Robert Nicol,	26
Solitude,	27
The Plooman Laddie,	28
The Poet,	30
A Dream that never came True,	30
At George Gilfillan's Grave,	31
Angling,	32
The Marsh : a Sonnet,	34
Lookin' Back,	35
The Dead Felon,	36
Almond Water,	38
An Autumn Thought,	39
A Muirland Lilt,	40
The Bells of San Blas,	41
The Deil's Stane,	42
Good-Night,	43
Life : a Sonnet,	44
I Thought it Strange,	45
Take the World as you find it, Lad,	46
Duty,	47
Winter,	49
The Laird's Daughter,	50
Helen,	52
Twin Brothers,	53
Carlo,	56
In a Hundred Years,	61
Before the Gods,	62
Grannie's Stair,	63
Dying,	64
The Midnight Mail,	66
A Glint of Thrums,	67
The Old Year and the New,	68
The Landrail,	69
Song of Sin,	70
A Country Church,	71
The Poem,	73
Surfaceman,	74

	<i>Page</i>
The Fern Basket, - - - - -	76
In the City, - - - - -	77
Wretchedness, - - - - -	79
The Guests, - - - - -	80
Glen Ogil, - - - - -	81
The Lost Pathway, - - - - -	82
Might Have Been, - - - - -	83
Tannadice, Forfarshire, - - - - -	84
The Photograph, - - - - -	85
Death : a Sonnet, - - - - -	87
Life : a Sonnet, - - - - -	87
Clickity-Clack, - - - - -	88
A May Song, - - - - -	89
March Music, - - - - -	90
Sea-Drift, - - - - -	90
The Golden Age, - - - - -	91
The Rhymer's Song, - - - - -	93
The Quest of Happiness, - - - - -	94
"Bob," - - - - -	95
Donald M'Donald, a Dundee Litterateur, - - - - -	97
In the Twilight, - - - - -	98
Under the Trees, - - - - -	100
In a Farm-House, - - - - -	101
Lay of a Snowdrop, - - - - -	103
The Homestead Ruin, - - - - -	105
Passing a Farm - - - - -	109
A Farmer of the Old School, - - - - -	111
Jeannie Japp, - - - - -	113
Day-Dream Changes, - - - - -	115
Nature and Art, - - - - -	117
The Eagle, - - - - -	117
Reading Tennyson, - - - - -	118
Elsie May, - - - - -	120
The Scottish Martyrs, - - - - -	122
In Memoriam : W. B., - - - - -	124
A Sprig of Mignonette, - - - - -	124
Sonnet : Philip James Bailey, - - - - -	126
From Craigie Braes, - - - - -	126
Beneath the Blow, - - - - -	127
The Angel of the Home, - - - - -	127
The Knapper among the Wheels, - - - - -	129
Faith and Reason, - - - - -	130
Dead Apples, - - - - -	131
Room, - - - - -	132
David Gray, - - - - -	133
Autumn, - - - - -	135
The Crusade, - - - - -	136
Harpers Twain, - - - - -	137
Spearing the Salmon, - - - - -	138
A Ballad of Cheer, - - - - -	140
Spindrift, - - - - -	146
Wi' the Lave, - - - - -	147
St. Leonard's, - - - - -	148
The Bells of Perth, - - - - -	149
"Citizen" Kit, - - - - -	150
The Match-Girl, - - - - -	156

❧ P R E F A C E. ❧

THIS Book will stand or fall on its merits.
. . . The Author sends it forth with some timidity, but in the hope that the critical eye, while detecting many imperfections, may discover here and there, some redeeming quality. The book is the outcome of the leisure hours of a busy life

D. M. S.

19 BAROSSA PLACE,
PERTH, November, 1898.



FAIR ❀ CITY ❀ CHIMES.

The Poets' Corner.

A modest space, where bardlings bring
Poetic first-fruit offerings small ;
A little lyric plot, where sing
The dilettante warblers all.

“The Poets' Corner.” It is meet
That they should sit and dream apart,
Who have not learned on rhythmic feet
To chase and hold the public heart !

I love to pace its little round,
And list the un-acclaimèd throng
Who warble with unequal sound
And pipe around the porch of song !

Who chant their ineffectual lays
That on indifferent ears do fall,
And for a paltry bone of praise
At the high gate of utterance call !

They may not scale, these feeble knees,
Parnassian slopes, to thought sublime ;
They do but foot the ground to please,
And smite the jingling bells of rhyme !

Their names shall vanish like the foam,
 Their songs shall wither with the leaves ;
 As birds of passage find a home,
 Of durance brief, 'neath alien eaves.

What matter? Fame's a twanging horn
 The world takes up, then flings aside ;
 At best 'tis but a murmur borne,
 Above life's tumult deep and wide !

Renown is but a scabbard's length ;
 Proud Rome ! her Cæsars, where are they ?
 Time, blinking, looks on Rome's dead strength
 And wags his beard o'er Cæsar's clay !

* * * * *

The Song of the Lark.

Song-cinctured bird, that singest
 In rhapsody, and wingest
 Thy pearly way through trackless wastes of glory up
 the sky ;
 I watch thee upward soaring,
 And listen the outpouring
 Of the largess of thy throbbing breast, in music shrill
 and high.

Far in highest heaven,
 Like shriv'd soul forgiven,
 Thou pourest in the ear of God epithalaniums loud ;
 And thine the strain the finest,
 The grandest, the divinest,
 That ear of man has ever heard, thou hermit of the
 cloud !

Oh, rich thy voice full-throated,
Thy wing, on ether floated,
Is as a censer golden, swung before the throne of light!
High over man's endeavour,
Thou mountest upward ever,
A solitary, singing soul in rare celestial flight !

Thy voice great souls has haunted,
But never yet was chanted
By sovereign sons of earthly mould a melody like thine.
No human tongue can capture
The jubilation of that rapture
That throbs and shakes and palpitates in ecstasy divine !

Shelley, cloud spirit, hymn'd thee,
The bard of Ettrick limn'd thee,
A downy home in lyric verse that shall endure for aye!
But what, ah! what their singing,
To the music thou art flinging,
From thy high and shrin'd place of song, before their
feet of clay !

Minstrel grey-apparell'd,
World-belov'd and laurell'd
By the love of human singers with the gift of cunning
Lo ! I bow before thee, [words;
I listen, I adore thee,
Thou laureate of the summer sky, thou high priest of
the birds !



The Mountain Spring.

A Dream of the Grampians.

Beautiful spring on the mountain's breast,
Where the clouds lie light in airy rest;
Up in thy home near the sky-line grey,
What art thou doing and dreaming, pray?

“ Dreaming sweet dreams in my heather bed,
Listing the wail of the wind overhead;
Singing sweet songs in an undertone,
To live on the hills when I am gone;
Reading strange poems by thee unheard,
Telling weird tales to the wandering bard,
Keeping all faithful the heavens I adore
Steadfast and pure in my breast evermore;
Shaping the pulsings that rise in me
Into the clear crystal of melody.

“ Marking the march of the wind on its way,
Listing the boom of the thunder at play,
Yearning to join in the march of the rills,
Speaking with spirit-tongues over the hills;
Wooing the reindeer up to my side,
Bidding him drink in my silver tide;
Raising my lips to the breath of the north,
Bidding the sagas of Iceland come forth;
Holding my heart from pollution that mars,
Worshipping God in the temple of stars !”

The Deil's Dub.

The deil's dub, the deil's dub,
Ayont the wuds it lay;
A sunny haunt the deil's dub
O' bairnies at their play;
And lichtly flew the hours awa',
Undimm'd by dool or care,
As paidlin' in the deil's dub
We thocht the warl' was fair.

Paidlin' in the deil's dub,
Paidlin' in the deil's dub;
O, winsome Maggie, dae ye min'
Paidlin' in the deil's dub?

The deil's dub, the deil's dub,
The water-lilies pale
Bloom'd bonnie owre the deil's dub;
An' whatna loon wad fail
To dare the frown o' dominie,
His tinglin' tawse an' a',
To paidle in the deil's dub
An' wede the flooers awa'?

Paidlin' in the deil's dub,
Paidlin' in the deil's dub;
O, wilfu' Wattie, dae ye min'
Paidlin' in the deil's dub?

O, deil's dub, O, deil's dub,
The bairnies noo are men;
To paidle in the deil's dub
O' folly unco fain!

An' Time, the wise auld dominie,
 Has thrown advice awa',
 As, paidlin' in the deil's dub,
 We've dune nae gude ava.

Paidlin' in the deil's dub,
 Paidlin' in the deil's dub ;
 It's weary, wastrie wark, I ween,
 Paidlin' in the deil's dub.

* * * * *

“Mes Pauvres Enfants”

(Founded on an Incident in the Siege of Paris).

What did I bring from the land away ?
 Rough recollections many, I trow ;
 And here, from souvenirs sad, is a spray
 Pluck'd from the capitol's bleeding brow.

.

Hungry, famishing, in Paris,
 Pleading for bread in the streets we stood ;
 One in the throng was a woman, and she
 Cheered on the rueful multitude.

“Vive la France ! Vive la France !”
 Rang out the strong voice, loud and clear ;
 And “Courage ! Courage ! Vive la France !”
 Answered we with a ringing cheer.

Thronging, pressing, the black crowd swayed,
 Sick with the hunger of days and weeks ;
 And still, as the baker sold his bread,
 Smiled the woman, with flushing cheeks !

“Vive la France! Vive la France!”
The voice of the valiant matron rang;
And “Vive la France! Vive la France!”
Answered the crowd little a battle clang.

“Blest be fair France and the high emprise
That speaks,” I said, “in this woman here;”
“Famine is writ in her face and eyes,”
Whispered a long, lean Frenchman near.

“Room for this lady!” shouted O’Shea,
Pressman from England of Celtic race.
“Nay, never, ‘bon Anglais,’” answered she;
“Nay, never, ‘bon Anglais,’ I keep my place.”

Thronging, pressing, the black crowd swayed,
Sick with the hunger of days and weeks;
And still, as the baker sold his bread,
Smiled she ever, with flushing cheeks.

Spake out a gendarme, swart and sleek:
“The stores are empty, the bread is done!”
And the voice of the woman in one wild shriek
Rose like a lost hope up to the sun!

Up o’er the black town—up to the sky,
Her wild words rang like the clash of swords;
“Mes pauvres enfants!”—that was her cry;
“Mes pauvres enfants!”—these were the words!

“Mes pauvres enfants!”—the face distress’d
Looked into mine as I raised her head!
Something she murmured, and on my breast
Leaned the strong Frenchwoman—she was *dead!*

A Highland Shepherd.

Dead he lies there, in the sheiling,
In the rude hut named a dwelling,
With his tartan plaid beside him,
Folded : and the crook above it—
Dead he lies there, spent and aged,
Life's long warfare sternly waged.

Trod he fifty years the moorlands,
Strong of limb and tall in stature ;
Lived his life by hill and hollow,
Toiled and sang by field and furrow,
In the solitude that reigneth
Where the wandering wind complaineth !

Friends he had : the graveyard holds them
In a peace complete, supernal—
Son that perished in the snowdrifts,
When the glen in storm was darkling !—
Daughter, with the tresses golden,
Laid beside him, love-enfolden !

Lift him gently : the old matron
By the peat fire hears not, heeds not ;
She is whisp'ring to him softly
Down the past that is her present,
Treading radiant paths, love-laiden ;—
She a young and winsome maiden !

Lift him gently, stalwart hillmen ;
Bear him to the churchyard lonely :
To the music of the hill winds,

To the murmur of the valley,
Let him down into his death-right,
Leave him to the sun and star light !

Life is earnest : some to-morrow,
We will meet again to bury
Somewhat more of life's enchantment,
Someone else whom death is naming !
Life is earnest : let us go hence
To the warfare of existence !

Come away, friends : Time is gracious
To the dead ones, and will weave him,
In the Spring-time's loom of wonder,
A soft cov'ring, green and ample !
Come away, friends ; Nature lays her
Healing hand on clown and Kaiser !

* * * * *

The Cuckoo.

I heard the Cuckoo's voice to-day
Within a woodland's bound,
And down the glen the gipsy May
Listen'd and drank the sound !

"Cuckoo," "cuckoo," the dingles lone
The echoing notes repeated,
And ever as I followed on
The "wandering voice" retreated !

The bright flowers on the lap of May
Drowsed in the dreamful quiet,
And all the earth entrancèd lay
As 'neath some spirit's fiat !

“Cuckoo,” “cuckoo,” the grey glen through;
It woke a vision splendid
Of radiant hopes and loves that flew
Through summers dead and ended !

It touched with sadness glen and hill,
It woke a sense of sorrow,
Like that which haunts the traveller still
Upon the braes of Yarrow !

I might not weep, nor could rejoice :
A feeling calm and holy
Rose up and hailed the spirit voice
Of pastoral melancholy !

* * * * *

The Unknown Hero.

Yes ! there is glory on war's red field,
In the flash of the sabre, the gleam of the shield,
And the cannon's deep-voiced thunder !
Valour lies there, in its wet red robe,
And the soul of a nation will pulsing throb
O'er the brave ones, the green grass under !

Grand is the hero that dies at his post
On the storm-wrecked ship, and elects to be lost
While a living soul remaineth !
Ay, grand is he as he goeth down
To his watery grave ; and a rich renown
From the world's just heart he gaineth !

But a hero, unknown of the world, works on
When the doomed ship sinks and the sound is gone
Of the gun, and the shell, and sabre !
Who sheds no blood, and who dies no death,
But conquers himself with a valiant faith
And lives to do good to his neighbour.

* * * * *

Heroes.

In the hour of our need the true leader comes
And falls to his duty with sweet accord ;
He lifts his voice when the cause succumbs,
And stirreth his fellows to deed and word,
And waveth them on to peace or a sword,
And his heart leaps up like the beat of drums !

Then, courage, brothers ! though rocks the throne
And ruin baffle and blind our eyes !
Lo ! while the tide of time rolls on,
A Hand is above us within the skies ;
The martyr spirit that never dies
Liveth, abideth, when all is gone !

O, brilliant the lights shed by history down
To rally the faithless to deeds sublime !
On shore and sea, and by thorp and town,
God fashions His heroes to fit the time ;
And they come like the measured march of rhyme—
Angels in broadcloth and fustian brown !

Lo ! the rough redcoats, that faced the foe
In the jaws of death, by the Laureate sung !

Heroes these that the world did not know,
Plain British soldiers old and young,
Plebeian names from no proud race sprung,
With hearts as sure as the trumpet's blow !

Brave was Jennie M'Neil's rough race
To shelter the hounded colonel's head ;
The land of stars and stripes it will grace
While true love liveth, and valiant men
Armour for battle by hill and plain,
And love blooms bonnie on maiden's face !

Ay, brave was Jennie M'Neil's rough ride,
Brightly it glances in Whittier's lay,
And the rag that Dame Barbara wafted wide
(It flaps on the wind of song to-day)
Shall live in the wide world's love for aye,
In the verse of the Quaker sanctified !

Let them flourish in sun and song,
Maiden and matron and soldiers plain ;
The old world's sinews are tough and strong,
And the new rises bright, like a babe from the breast,
Glorious child of the wind of the West,
Nurtured in freedom the nations among.

Let these, too, flourish : the messengers sent
To smite at the visored brute in men !
The lowly heroes with eyes down bent,
But their spirits are scimitars cutting in twain
The helmets of evil ! By mountain and plain,
Shrine them in love's fitting monument !



Robert Burns—a Centenary Poem.

The martyr sons of Scotland,
Oh! well-belov'd are they;
And hallowed are their hundred graves,
In churchyards old and grey ;

And side by side, in sovereign rest,
With the great martyr throng,
The poet sons of Scotland
Lie sepulchred in song.

Death claims not these, their laurell'd names
The frowns of times defy ;
And sacred on each Scottish heart
Their rich song-psalters lie.

Lo ! stately, classic Abbotsford
In strong enchantment keeps
The magic power that faileth not,
Though long the wizard sleeps.

O'er Ettrick Vale fond Scotia looks,
By fairy visions led,
And wraps her Shepherd genius there,
As with a tartan plaid.

And many a minstrel's grave is green,
The world may not contemn—
We strew our love like flowers around,
And fondly hallow them.

But dearer, nearer than them all—
The Scottish heart still turns,
In love's superb allegiance,
To Ayrshire's Robert Burns.

The river of forgetfulness
Flows not his name above,
Who turned the waters of the Doon
Into the wine of love.

He reigns and rules ! and at his name
The nation rises up,
And quaffs his glorious memory
In love's immortal cup.

For lo ! this ploughman from the fields,
He came with vision clear ;
And whatsoe'er his genius touched
Became for ever dear.

He taught our manhood firmer step,
And at old Freedom's shrine
He pour'd upon her altar-steps
His strong, life-giving wine.

And not alone in singing robes
May we his virtues scan ;
Oh ! generous hearts that love, behold
The manhood of the man.

The "unco guid" that snap and snarl,
In every clime and age ;
They yelp'd around his life and tore
Its passion-margin'd page.

Ah ! yes ; the buzzing insect souls,
That still a pleasure take
In things unlovely, followed him
With calumny's muck-rake.

And he—he walk'd with head erect
and brush'd their stings aside ;
And smote, as with a Carrick spear,
Their unctuous, pious pride.

A stalwart, stooping figure, shod
In independence strong ;
He faced the world with honest worth,
A king his kind among.

A noble man ! a valiant soul !
With brow deep-lined with care ;
He passed, the lordliest soul on earth,
The ploughman bard of Ayr.

No tomb needs he ! Let kingly dust
Lie hid in scrolled urns ;
The Scottish heart is mausoleum
For Scotland's Robert Burns !

* * * * *

Resolve and Resolution.

Bewildered on the dreary waste,
They stood ; and fell the night—
Storm, the grim sexton, in the dark,
Buried the land in white.

One was most sweet and fair of face,
And one was strong of limb ;
She, weeping in her languid grace,
Clung wildly unto him.

"O! linger yet a while," said she,
"The dawn will bring us light;"
The rough wind raved by tower and tree,
And laughed like one in spite

"Nay, forward! o'er the sheeted world,
In faith," the young man said;
"For, crouching idly in the cold,
The dawn will find us dead."

A flush lay on her brow and face,
And then it changed its hue;
"Jesu! have mercy, send us grace,
And prove my manhood true."

He raised her in his arms, and bowed
His head before the blast;
The great church bells were clanging loud,
As through the town they passed.

"O, love, that slew my timid fears
And saved a life to-day,
Here at the altar, thro' the years,
I swear to love away."

O! she was sweet and fair of face,
And he was stout of limb;
The burghers in the market place
Said she was made for him!



The World and I.

O! grand old world, I have walk'd with you
For many long years, and talk'd with you
 As friend to a tried friend talks;
And you have led me from sorrow to song,
And song to sorrow my whole life long,
 By many and mazèd walks.

O we have loved and laughed together,
Sighed, and sorrowed, and wept together
 In stormy weather and fine;
And I have found you a rare old world,
A bright old world, and a fair old world,
 And why should I sit and whine?

But you grow gloomy, and so do I,
For death will be knocking at the gate by-and-by
 To part us for ever, O friend;
And I hate this death that walks in the gloom,
That seals life up in a darkened room,
 And brings our love to an end.

O rare old world, I would live with you,
And all my heart I would give to you
 In love, for ever and a day;
But since we must part, why, let us jog along,
Cheering the path that we tread with a song
 To scare evil fancies away.

Childhood's Hame.

O, blithe lilt the birds by bonnie Almond stream,
An' sweetly the wild flooers they blaw ;
The roun' sun hings i' the glamour o' his dream,
An' throbs doon the gran' wast awa'.

The blue-bells they bloom, the happy birds they flit,
An' sweetly the fair stream does glide ;
But my heart it is sad, an' dowie I sit
And dream o' my ain country-side.

My heart it is sad, an' oh! I kenna hoo ;
But strange is this wae without name
'That rises in my breist, as the happy past I view
An' the hills o' my childhood's hame.

The grass grows as green on bonnie Almond braes ;
As sweetly the laverock, too, doth sing ;
But oh! they reca' the happy laddie days
And tears to my een they do bring.

The grey cushat croons i' the bosky Almond wuds,
An' saftly the wast winds they blaw ;
Bricht doon the glen the siller Almond scuds,
An' gran' is the glory owre a'.

But, fair though the scenes by bonnie Almond side,
'Though grandeur the dear spot may claim,
'There's a deep love here—a tear that winna hide—
'For the scenes o' my childhood's hame.

Love's Glory.

We walked on the cliffs by the gleaming bay,
In the dazzling sheen of a golden day,
And listed the murmurous throb and beat
Of ocean, breaking beneath our feet,
And dreaming fond day-dreams : hand-in-hand,
We plighted our troth in the love-lit land.

We plighted our troth, and Love rose up
And quaffed in the sun life's roseate cup,
And smote into glory shore and sea
With the breath of his marvellous alchemy !
And silver seas over sands of gold
Flashed ; and Time like a scroll uproll'd !

Transfigur'd the blue sky over us hung,
To heavenly music the sea-beach rung ;
And what unto us were time and tide,
And the things of time, and all beside ?
We reck'd not of them, for 'tranced were we
In the spell of Love's 'witching sorcery !

The earth like a temple rose and filled
With music the high-born God instilled ;
And Joy around us divinely hung,
And Hope before us his incense flung,
And our souls o'erflow'd, and we bow'd the knee
In Love's almighty idolatry !

Life's Feast.

We come to Life as to a feast,
And spend our little span at will ;
Then go away, by Time released,
Into the darkness, cold and chill.

And some sit silent at the board,
Tasting of sorrow's bitter cup ;
And voiceful some, with laugh and word
Joy's brimming goblet lifting up !


And some are radiant and do find
A beauty in all things they see ;
And some, in gloom among their kind,
Sit hob-a-nob with destiny !

One looks around, but fails to trace
Aught to inspire, and takes his ease ;
Another comes with eager face
And feasts on royal ecstasies !

And pride looks up with soulless gaze,
But never hails the bending skies ;
Humility stoops and, in amaze,
Sees heaven itself with downcast eyes !

So unto life we come, and look
With vision clear or eyes purblind ;
And, in the world's wide open book,
Just what we search for do we find !

So in our life, as at a feast,
We move, and make or mar our fates ;
While for the greatest, for the least,
Death, the grim ostler, standing waits !



The Caged Linnet.

I heard a caged linnet sing,
As down the street I walk'd to-day,
And, looking up, on folded wing,
I saw the little warbler grey
Flinging his music down the street,
Like gold dust in the fever heat.

Above a window-sill he sang,
With throbbing breast and frenzied eye,
And, as the rich notes swelled and rang,
The eager crowd went hurrying by,
And busy shopmen heedless were
Of Nature's feathered minister !

O, sweetly spake the bird to me !
And thrilled me with a nameless charm.
My thoughts—on science turned—did flee
Like sword struck from a soldier's arm,
And doubt shrank backward, strangely stirred,
Before the challenge of the bird !

I stood and listened. It was good,
Methought, to catch the fervid fire
Of this grey spirit of the wood
Flinging abroad his far desire,
As, from the heart of centuried oak,
Of old the prison'd dryads spoke.

Oh, full and clear his happy song,
Without a pause, without a break !
I felt my doubting soul grow strong,
Like some pale martyr at the stake ;
For clearer seemed that voice of his
Than all the dim philosophies !

And here at length was something true
 To thrill the brain, the soul to bless,
 The new heavens seemed breaking through
 The old learnings' vault of nothingness,
 And science seemed an empty sound,
 Heard in a cavern underground.

I listened, listened : near and loud
 The thrilling, throbbing lay went on,
 Till melted all the clamorous crowd
 And vanished all the street of stone :
 Diminuted to nothing tower and town,
 In the new heaven of song let down.

"O poetry," said I, "that first
 A cherub on bright winged words,
 Thou, too, how silently thou sittest
 Before the rapture of the birds :
 Thy highest songs to earth incline,
 But theirs, ah! theirs are all divine."

+ + + + +

Enthusiasm

I scorn the passionless content that hides
 Behind a soul at ease :
 That has not will nor wish to breast the tides
 Out in Life's open seas.

The paltry nature that no tumult knows,
 But rots in ease away,
 Like some dismantled ship that steerless floats
 Within a land-lock'd bay.



A fig for him whose cold and cuckold heart
All difficulty shuns !
The moral coward from life's battle apart
Hiding behind the guns !

Give me the man who flings his fervour forth !
And battles bravely on,
As high-soul'd Douglas sent the heart of Bruce
The Spanish field upon.

The man whose mind, securely barr'd from ill,
Is as an armoury vast,
Bright weapons of a treasured learning fill—
The trophies of the past :

A life that in the dangling stirrup-chains
Of mettled purpose strong
Plants the full weight of armed will, and spurs
Right through the lists of Wrong.

Out on that soul that, like a stall-fed beast,
But wakes, and sleeps, and wakes !
And from the manger of the dusty world
Its daily sustenance takes.

No goal for such beneath the bending heavens,
Cabin'd in scanty room !
The hoof-beats of a higher purpose shake
The world, and mark its doom.



The Mavis' Nest

Within the silence dim that reigns
Like some still spirit in the woods,
In slumberous shade of fir-tree green
A mavis' clay-lined nest is seen.
Scarce six feet from the mossy ground,
'Mid branching twigs that hem it round,
It sways in summer solitudes.

On tiptoe standing I behold
A tiny shell of speckled blue :
And soiled and broken lying there,
And streaked with lines of mouldy hair,
I think of life that crept and stirred
And passed away into a bird
In the rich sunlight streaming through.

And backward to the flush of spring
My spirit goes, when sweet and fair
The tiny egg of speckled blue
Gleamed pure the speary branches through,
And brooding influences crept
Through undevelop'd life that slept,
Scarce conscious of a purer air.

And, pondering on the wonder grand,
I think me of the soul that lies
Within the breast of man—the fire
That burns and beats in warm desire,
And struggles in the gloom of clay
To gain a light of purer ray
Than ever dawned beneath the skies.



And, musing thus, I think I see
These bodies where our souls abide—
Mere broken shells, all mixed with clay,
The wingéd spirits passed away
To that high life that, half awake,
Gropes here its earthly shell to break
And soar to heaven glorified.

* * * * *

In Lodgings.

A little room in a dingy lane,
Where black smoke hovers ghostly and grim,
And creaking barrow and heavy wain
Rumble and wheel through the daylight dim.

A fevered form, on a lowly bed,
Lying in pain through the gloomy night ;
And the aged spinster at his head
Wearies and waits for the lagging light.

A clatter of hoofs in the morning grey :
“Lend a hand, neighbour, to bear him out !”
The black van hurries its load away,
And the aged spinster looks devout !

A boarded building near to the town ;
A pallid face on a narrow bed ;
The eyes glare stark, draw the soft lids down,
Fever is over, he lieth—dead.

A plumeless hearse by a new-made grave,
And a long dim coffin boarded thin ;
“He was my comrade, one boon I crave—
“Let me take his head and lay him in.”

A darkened home in the distant north,
A darkened heart in a distant home ;
And the great big world goes speeding forth,
And so will speed till the judgment come.

* * * * *

Robert Nicol.

"Scotland's Second Burns."—Ebenezer Elliot.

How sweet to turn from learned lays, and read
This book of fragrant rhyme :
A youthful poet, like a flower let fall
Upon the tracks of time.

The rustic lyre of our own native heath,
Of reeds and rushes made,
Waked to rich music, a thatch'd roof beneath,
By poet-peasant played !

Here independence, underneath the firs
And as the thistle strong,
Waves proudly, and soft pathos moves and stirs—
The thistle-down of song.

A tender fancy each rich thought endows,
Each homely subject fills,
And bracing as the air that cools the brows
Of his own Perthshire hills.

The breath of Nature's very self is here,
As in her open clime,
And human sympathy, like dew-drop clear,
Hangs on each spray of rhyme !

Strong lilt that bear us to the muirland burns
And to the mountain streams,
Until we hear, as when a tide returns,
Our youth's far-wander'd dreams!

"Whom the gods love die young," I strive to say,
And clasp this book of rhyme ;
But in my heart I bear a grudge to-day—
Thou grey-beard waggoner, Time !

* * * * *

Solitude.

Who says that solitude is dumb ?
This rock-ribb'd, pastoral place
Speaks to me, like the voice of some
Wise grey-beard, face to face.

Time's ancientry, now dim, now clear,
Lies the grey hills along ;
Earth keeps the mighty record here
In archives vast and strong.

And here in heiroglyphics strange,
'Mid stillness deep as dream,
Is writ the mystery of change—
In rock, and sand, and stream.

By lonely hill-paths bleak and bare,
By stream and waving wood,
I feel thine influence everywhere,
O, soul-born solitude !

Not dumb is solitude ! Who says
That solitude is dumb ?
From her deep-throated mountain ways
Almighty voicings come.

Strong tempest holdeth with her there
A colloquy divine,
Deep-voiced as when a god's despair
Foams in his cup of wine !

And I have listened in the night,
Spell-bound, and heard go by,
In thunder's panoply of light,
Full many a ghostly cry.

But this sweet day's serene repose,
In earth, and sky, and cloud,
Is dream without a sudden close,
And death without a shroud !

* * * * *

The Plooman Laddie.

Oh, I'm a happy lassie,
But my heart is no' my ain,
For a bonnie fair-hair'd laddie
Cam' stappin' doon the glen ;
Cam' stappin' doon the lang glen,
Wi' buttons at his knee ;
An' oh ! the plooman laddie,
He's stown my heart frae me !

It's I had lovers plenty,
But my heart was in a creel,
For I downa gie my luve to a',
An' nane I likit weel ;

Oh, nane I likit fondly,
Till, wi' his glamourie,
The fair-haired plooman laddie
He staul my heart frae me !

Blithe Jock, the muirlan' shepherd,
O, he courted me fu' fain !
An' his dancin' an' his daffin'
Were the pride o' a' the glen ;
The pride o' a' the lang glen—
An' sair he teasèd me ;
But the fair-hair'd plooman laddie
He's set my heart a-gee !

Rab Ha', the roysterin' laird's son,
He snooved aboot me lang,
But I cudna bide his silly clash,
Nor yet his sillier sang—
Nor yet his silly sang, I trow,
That spak' o' love to me,
For 'neath his braggin' words I kent
He'd little luvè to gi'e !

Oh ! I'm a happy lassie,
An' my breist is beatin' fain
To meet my fair-hair'd laddie
Come stappin' doon the glen—
Come stappin' doon the lang glen,
Wi' buttons at his knee ;
For, oh ! the plooman laddie,
He's a' the warl' to me.



The Poet.

He reaped the beauty of the woods and streams,
And in the stillness of the night did turn
The precious harvest of his noon-day dreams,
Gather'd by glen and burn :

And bending o'er his task, as one who knows
The surety of his ever-growing strength,
He shaped his song—as some strong river flows
Adown its leagu'd length !

And when to rounding beauty grew his thought,
Winnowed of idle and ungracious words,
His heart, as at the earnest task he wrought,
Was as a nest of birds !

And Joy leaned down from Heaven with look intense
And bless'd his soul—the Poet's recompense !

* * * * *

A Dream that never came true.

O, sweet are the hopes that rise in the breast,
And the dreams o' youth are fair ;
But dearer than a', oh ! lost Jeanie Broon,
Was the glint o' your gowden hair !

The soldier has glory to gild his name,
The poet has rapture true ;
But grander than glory, sweeter than fame,
Was my love, Jeanie Broon, for you !

Oh, sad are the hopes and dreams that die,
And never a harvest yield !
And glory is writ in the blood of men
On the tented battle-field.

'The soul has sorrow, the heart has grief,
And I have my cypress yew ;
Oh ! the saddest o' a' sad things in life
Are the dreams that never come true !

* * * * *

At George Gilfillan's Grave.

The song is ended, and the work is done,
And on this hallow'd spot
I stand to-day above the dust of one
Who preached by voice and thought,
And flung rare splendour, like a setting sun,
On all he said and wrote !

A tender radiance burns along the west ;
And in belov'd Balgay
Mild autumn showers, as laurels round his rest,
Her red leaves of decay :
Meet offering to the bard, upon whose breast
His spirit passed away !

The woods wave yellow, and the autumn light
Lies on each yellowing field,
And, flush'd with glory, glistens on my sight
The broad Tay, like a shield !
As, standing 'mid the graves upon this height,
My thoughts rich harvest yield !

And memories gather round this man of God,
And all he said and sung,
Until the goodly place seems an abode
With gorgeous drapery hung,
Rich as the imagery that burned and glow'd
About his fiery tongue !

The grey old city, lying in its smoke,
Beneath the heavenly blue,
Is doubly dear, in that within it spoke
The poet-preacher true—
Bright name, that laggard Time will yet invoke
And lift to fame anew !

The hills around a fresher glory take ;
And, as I go my way,
I feel the hour is holier, for his sake
Who sleeps in sweet Balgay,
And, in the fulness of my heart, I make
This song—plucked from the day.

* * * * *

Angling.

A Highland strath, a silver stream,
By gleaming birch and hazel going ;
Rich sunlight on the upland blue
And on the old and ruined keep ;
And silence, soundless as a dream
And pleasant as an infant's sleep
Through which some golden dream is flowing.

Patches of heath and pasture-land--
A waste of stunted vegetation ;
And here and there a flank of marsh,
Close to the river's sedgy side,
Where wild duck sounds his bugle harsh
And patient angler plies with pride
His meditative avocation.

" Come, sit thee down, my rhyming friend,
Old Izaak's lures and light caresses
Are useless in this noontide heat,
And bright ' half-pounders ' lie secure
As shadows in a cool retreat
Or that shy maiden and demure—
Sweet Echo, in her deep recesses.

" Then patience, friend, for one short hour—
The speckled beauties are empiric
As thoughts that flash within the brain
And will not leap to winged words,
That sulk and sink, to rise again
And sweep across the deep heart chords
To bless the poet with a lyric.

" So, while the sun glares fiercely down,
Like some bright eagle roused to frenzy,
Dream we our dreams amid the grass,
The while the panting moments pass,
And give to fancy length of rein—
Sweet fancy, palfrey of the brain—
Light—(' tch '—confound that influenza—

" Light-footed for a level run
(I'll have it out, I know you'll ask it),
A circuit courser good is she,

AND O, as good and pure a breed
As you like him he does;
For any boarding in his need,
And I will—where?—where is my basket?"

— — — — —

The Marsh: a Sonnet.

Stray, gleams of stagnant water, and a waste
Of birch and stunted hazel, where at eve
The wild ducks gabble to the deepening night,
And plays and plunges in the reedy deeps.

The sickly water-lily hints its need,
Among the slimy rushes, green and long,
And trembles on the water—like spent soul
About upon corruption and decay.

Great flocks encompass it, and in the dawn
The big heron from the mountain comes to drink:
And wailing, wailing, all the summer day,
The plover haunts it—as the merry haunts
Some wasted passion, gleaming thro' our tears,
And lying stagnant on the fens of life.



Lookin' Back.

Oh, dear, dear to me are the scenes o' langsyne,
Whaur life spent its bricht early days ;
I see, I see them a' ! an' my saul ne'er will tyne
The licht o' the flooer-spangled braes.

A glamour hangs owre them the warld mayna see ;
But, oh ! it lies warm roon' my heart,
And memory o' hame a holy thocht will be
Till life frae this body doth depart.

In life's toil an' stress there is little time to turn
To scenes o' the lang, lang awa' !
But, oh ! hoo sweet an' dear's the glint o' glen an' burn
When Dream flings its glamour owre them a' !

The warl' it has riches and grandeurs hie to gi'e,
An' Fame, wi' its sweet-soundin' name ;
But a' that I crave o' this warl' when I dee
Is a rest by the green hills o' hame !

An' wad I, wad I gang to whaur my spirit craves ?
Oh, no, no, no, that mayna be ;
Though the spot will be fair, my heart wad tread
on graves,
An' a' wad be wae, wae to see !

For freen's that I lo'ed they are scattered far and wide,
An' dim, dim's the past's misty track ;
An' some are deid an' gane—oh, my tears they winna
hide,
For it's sad, oh ! it's sad, lookin' back !

The Dead Felon.

On the sunken area pavement,
Fallen from the topmost storey,
Bleeding, bruised, and dead he lies there,
Mangled like a beast new slaughtered,
In the night !

Scowling is the swarthy visage,
As it looked on Life when living ;
Scowling, scornful, and defiant
Bleeding, bruised, and dead he lies there
'Neath the light !

Come thou near, Oh ! trembling maiden—
Ah ! he will not heed or harm thee.
Let the light fall on his features—
On this dead man, on this burglar
Lying low !

Ghastly vision ! O, swift passer,
Come and look and lend thine aid here ;
On the sunken area pavement,
Bleeding, mangled, lies a dead man
'Mong the snow !

Beauty is there none upon him !
On those pale, defiant features :
Love, nor Faith, nor Hope ! Ah, nothing—
Nothing beauteous clingeth to him
Where he lies !

From the sunken area pavement
Let us lift him—he is human !
Lift him gently ! Life was callous
To this dead man, to this brother
With closed eyes !

Lift him gently ! Ah ! you will not ?
“ Let his live friends look unto him,
But unto my doorway come not
With the felon ! ” Yea, I will not—
I am strong !

And he is my brother truly,
And I scorn thy callous friendship !
Yea, I scorn it, and I spurn it
From my doorway ! Let the dead one
Fear no wrong !

O thou pale form, all unlovely,
Dead upon the area pavement ;
Lo ! I lift thee up, and bear thee,
Bear thee, bear thee on my shoulders
Through the night !

And, as on I stagger blindly,
I do see thy soul uplifted
High in heaven—yea, I see it !
And the Christ of God upbears it
In the light !

And thy sins show blacker, deeper,
In the radiance streaming earthward,
And the frown of God the Father
Falls upon thee ; yet Christ holds thee,
Pleading long !

So I bear thee, O my brother !
And my own sin presses on me
Like a dead man on my shoulders !
But the vision of Christ's loving
Makes me strong !

Almond Water.

Whither away, O bright hill-daughter,

Shadow-chased, sun-kiss'd ?

Whither away, O Almond Water —

Child of the mist !

Restless, impatient, bright-brow'd fairy

On twinkling feet !

Whither away in dreams high and airy

And visions sweet ?

Loudly the birds, the green glades thrilling,

Are calling to stay !

Love is around thee, the wide woods filling —

Whither away ?

Restless, impatient, thou journeyest onward,

Unanswering still !

Type of a bright soul drifting downward —

To human ill !

Whither away ? Where thy pathway is winding

Are grief and pain !

Down in the town where the wheels are grinding —

The lives of men !

Whither away, O bright hill-daughter,

Shadow-chased, sun-kiss'd ?

Linger with me, O Almond Water —

Child of the mist !

An Autumn Thought.

Before the door of the school-house
The dead leaves fall at my feet
From a slender elm-tree, standing
A yard from the throbbing street !

The winds take them up for a moment,
In fond and frolicsome play,
And I think of the hopes that perish'd
Like leaves on this autumn day ;

That flutter'd above youth's portals,
And whispered of things to be,
In the wide, wide school of experience,
When manhood would come to me !

And I see them, ah ! I see them,
All wither'd, and shrunk, and dead,
And life, like a bare tree standing—
Its beautiful promise shed !



4. Results

The first part of the results is the
 description of the experimental
 conditions. The second part is the
 description of the results of the
 experiments. The third part is the
 discussion of the results.

The first part of the results is the
 description of the experimental
 conditions. The second part is the
 description of the results of the
 experiments. The third part is the
 discussion of the results.

The first part of the results is the
 description of the experimental
 conditions. The second part is the
 description of the results of the
 experiments. The third part is the
 discussion of the results.

The first part of the results is the
 description of the experimental
 conditions. The second part is the
 description of the results of the
 experiments. The third part is the
 discussion of the results.

The first part of the results is the
 description of the experimental
 conditions. The second part is the
 description of the results of the
 experiments. The third part is the
 discussion of the results.

The Bells of San Blas.

In San Blas, by the Spanish main,
Of old the ponderous bells did play,
High up the steep and rocky town,
White gleaming o'er the bay.

And when the scourge of storm and time
Had wasted belfry, dome, and wall,
The Spanish grandees woke one night
And heard the great bells fall.

In San Blas town was wide dismay,
And old and young made ceaseless moan ;
For what was San Blas grim and grey,
Its pride and glory gone !

And storm, and wave, and wind rose up
And bleach'd the ancient city's bones ;
And, with them warring, day and night,
Time tented 'mong the stones !

A newer city gleams to-day
Below the time-worn rocky steep ;
But that old San Blas, pass'd away,
In hearts its hold doth keep.

The ponderous bells that pealed and swung,
And clanged loud music in the air,
Now lowly peal, from cross-beams hung,
And call to house of prayer.

The lonely mariner sailing by,
Listens in vain the San Blas bells,
And, passing Northward, heaves a sigh
And low their story tells.

And, drifting down the Spanish main,
My thought this night like galleon glides ;
I heave a sigh o'er clamorous aims,
Voiceless on life's swift tides.

And solemn fancy shoreward turns
To gaze on San Blas, gleaming there,
And hears a dirge of hopes dethroned
Calling the soul to prayer.

* * * * *

The Deil's Stane.

Eh, bairns ! siccan cantrips the muckle deil played
In the gruesome days langsyne,
Whan's huifs were heard on the laich hoose-taps
An' his voice i' the roarin' linn.

This grey stane, beddit i' the glack o' the glen,
Ance lay on the heich hill-tap ;
An' roond it at nichts, i' the licht o' the mune,
The deil he skirled an' lap.

An' ance on a time, whan the win's blew lood,
He lifted it whaur it lay ;
An' lauched as he held it in his het luif,
Syne whumilt it doon the brae.

O, muckle he lauch'd an' lood he skirled,
An' doon the hill spank'd he ;
But whan he stoopit to lift the stane,
'Twas firm as a rock i' the sea.

"Ho, ho !" quo' the deil, "sae I canna lift up
A stane flung by my richt haun' !
But here let it rest ; what the deil canna do
Is no in the pooer o' man."

An' he danced roond an' roond, an' lauched an' skirled,
Whaur the grey stane's lyin' the noo ;
" Havers o' grannie ?"—weel, the deil's sair misca'ed,
But this, bonnie bairns, is true—

That the big stane o' his ugsome pooer
He has flung on the sauls o' men,
And nowther oor strength nor the deil himsel'
Can lift it up again.

* * * * *

Good Night.

Good night !
Thy love has been
A precious pearl pluck'd from life's stormy main ;
And now death waits unseen
To cast it to the ocean's depths again,
Deep down from life and light—
Good night !

Good night,
All earthly joy !
What tells it but of griefs hid lower down ?
Like gaudily-painted buoy
Floating above the reefs where mariners drown,
No shining shore in sight—
Good night !

Good night !
Our little life
Is but a white wave breaking on the shore ;
A passing paltry strife
Upon the sands of sorrow, and no more—
We pass to love and light—
Good night !

Good night !
Life ebbs away
And regal visions rise before mine eyes,
As from the sloping bay
The sea goes forth, and in the evening skies
Stars diadem with light
The night !

Good night !
I leave behind
The wreck of all my hopes and high desires ;
Some buoyant soul will find
The floating driftwood ; and, before bright fires,
Dream in the ruddy light.
Good night !

* * * * *

Life: a Sonnet.

We stand expectant—as in some great mart
Where rich men gather, and within a ring
The fatted beasts are driven—while the heart
Bids loudly for the joys the world may bring ;
Throwing down truth and honour, till, too late,
We find the bargain worthless—bitter fate !
Lo ! as we stand abash'd by strange dislikes,
Death lifts his hammer in the air and strikes,
And straightway, through the ever open door,
We pass in silence, to come back no more ;
And all our bright beasts with us—pleasure and pride,
And fame, and fortune, and what else beside
In which our souls did traffic, when the heart
Dealt out its riches, in life's stirring mart !

I Thought it Strange.

As a vessel shoots out in the river deep,
From her quiet moorings suddenly slipp'd,
A floating dream came into my sleep,
In kaleidoscopic visions dipt.

I saw a brawl on a city street,
And the red blood flow from a young man's side ;
The culprit escaped to a dark retreat,
But he lay in chains ere the morning tide.

An outcast press'd through a jeering crowd ;
In tears was she, and her eyes were dim ;
One spat in her face and laugh'd aloud,
But I did not hear that they chain'd him !

A poor man came to the homes of the poor
And asked for a morsel of bread to eat ;
I saw him receive of their scanty store,
And I dream'd they all met at Jesus' feet.

The beggar man paused at a great gateway,
But he got nought there, and was loudly blamed ;
I dream'd that the rich man turned away,
But I did not dream that he felt ashamed !

A black man slept in a jungle deep ;
I heard the growl of a wild beast there ;
The black man's brother shook him from sleep,
And the lion, baffled, slunk to his lair.

In dreams of pleasure, a fair youth lay
On the brink of ruin ghastly and grim ;
I saw many thousands pass that way,
But no kind brother awaken'd him !

Take the World as you find it, Lad.

Take the world as you find it, lad,
But mind 'tis not shapen to you ;
Then fashion your life with an iron will
For the work that you have to do ;
Fitting yourself as a key to its lock,
That the world may open to you.

Take the world as you find it, lad—
With a pleasant smile and a bow ;
Take the world as you find it, my boy,
And then to the rough work go,
As a fighter shakes hands with his combatant
Before he strikes a blow.

Take the world as you find it, lad,
And boldly step to the van ;
Take the world as you find it, my boy,
And stick to your post like a man :
The glory of Britain lies hid in the might
Of the heroes that do what they can !

Take the world as you find it, lad,
With never a frown or a fret ;
Strike, with brave heart and strong will, my boy,
At evil wherever 'tis met,
That the good may grow up in its glory and strength,
And the earth be a paradise yet !

Taking the world as you find it, lad,
See that you leave it not so ;
He's a pitiful coward that slinks from the field
Without ever striking the foe ;
Have something to show to the gods above
Of the work that you wrought down below !

Duty.

He was a fair and noble youth,
An earnest pleader for the truth ;
And one walked with him, earnest-eyed,
Who look'd into his face with pride.

And he was strong in strength of will,
And she was weak and question'd still ;
And thus, on all the wrongs they saw,
One only will'd the sword to draw.

"O, it is grand, no doubt," said he,
"To fashion dreams of liberty ;
But thought is but a flag unfurl'd,
Which action bears throughout the world."

"And, love, it is not well to frown,
When I must throw the gauntlet down ;"
And so they parted there, and he
Went onward to his destiny.

"O, woe is me," the maiden said,
I sure will find him 'mong the dead ;"
And kneeling low, disconsolate,
She wept beside the palace gate !

On grim war fields her form was seen,
And slow her step and sad her mein ;
"He is not where the vanquished lie,
And I must see him ere I die."

She followed where the victors led,
"He is the foremost, sure," she said,
And stayed her feet where drum-beats roll
Within the ancient capitol.

Rich men and maidens throng the door
Whence issues the proud Emperor ;
But in the lists of high renown
She hears not his name echoed down.

“ O, woe is me,” the maiden said,
And down the olden city sped ;
“ I may not see my love again,
And famine stalks in street and lane ;

“ And, heart, it is not meet for thee
To list the shouts of victory ;
And there are duties nobler far,
Where fever and where famine are.”

In the first streak of dappled morn,
Prone in the dust, and weak and worn
And dying—she : and one was there
Who kneel'd beside her form in prayer.

He was a fair and noble youth,
An earnest pleader for the truth ;
And she who lay there at his side
Smiled up into his face and died !



Winter.

The beauteous Autumn is captive
To Winter, the grim Norse King.
In rich attire he found her,
Threw his cold arms around her
And called her a tender thing.

A gloomy old man is Winter,
And in his bannerless halls
Are melodies weird and thrilling,
And ghostly pictures filling
The low leaden-coloured walls.

I passed his dark dominions,
All barren and bleak and bare,
And in the desolation
I thought the wide creation
Was grappling with its despair.

The robin piped on the hawthorn,
Defiance was in his song ;
The brook, as if stirred by an angel,
Rippled a solemn evangel
The reeds and rushes among.

I saw, in the dusky twilight,
The shadows creep down the glen ;
I heard the winds hallooing,
Like huntsmen swift pursuing
The bearded fox to his den.

The naked trees in the forest
Uplifted their lances bare,
Like a famished army haunted
By hunger, standing undaunted—
Braving the wintry air.

And I knew that in the struggle
Grim winter would vanquished be ;
For I heard a whisper, stealing
On the wings of the wind, revealing
That the captive would be free ;

That Spring would break the fetters,
And Summer fling wide the door ;
And, in her robes resplendent,
Fair Autumn in the ascendant
Would walk the world once more.

* * * * *

The Laird's Daughter.

“ O, foolish boy ! it never may be
That I wed with a peasant's son ;
But love will go hand in hand with thee
When riches and honour are won ”

We sat in the garden's beauteous bounds,
In the shade of the walnuts wide,
And summer was there in the gorgeous grounds
And deep in my breast beside.

And a wild wish in my heart rose up,
Like an armed man in his might,
And I swore by the gods that loll and sup
On the clouds, I would brave the fight.

And so I wrought with an iron will
To gain the coveted prize ;
But the maiden laughed and chided still,
With a gleam of pride in her eyes,

And stung my heart with a haughty frown
And her words like poison drops ;
Till love, like a stricken deer, lay down
In the covert of blasted hopes !

The soft rich light of her luminous eyes
Bent on me in high disdain ;
And the future gloom'd, as daylight dies
When the sun sinks down in the main.

And there, in the statute of bitter speech,
The doom of my faith was read ;
(What need of the parson to pray and preach ?)
I heard it, and bent my head.

And so on the threshold of broken trust
We parted in bitter strife,
And joy, like a handful of summer dust,
In a moment slipp'd from my life.

Ten years ! What changes come to pass
In life's dim tangled mazes !
A rosary of friends, alas !
Sleep underneath the daisies !

And she, the queen who ruled my heart,
Is dainty wife and mother ;
And love, that tore one heart apart,
Reigns lightly in another.

But in the heart-gloom rise at times
Old memories ecstatic,
Like luscious notes of poets' rhymes,
Cheering a dingy attic.

And I have something left to bless,
But tremble still to show it ;
Yet wherefore so ? the lovely lass
Has made me half a poet !

* * * * *

Helen.

O, wishes, wildly blowing
In the tree-tops of ambition,
You have chaunted till the leaves of life
Are falling dead and sere,
And hope is but a woful wind
Across a dreary mere.

The past was very happy,
Full of love's sweet tendernesses,
And the world around us seemed a place
Of loveliness and truth,
As we stood with yearnings high among
The golden groves of youth.

And Helen, my lost Helen,
Thou wert part of all the music
That waked into existence sweet
My heart's dim desolate places.
The soft-eyed bird among the boughs
The wayward wind embraces.

Between are years ; but memory,
Pale guide of meditation,
Goes wandering up and down forlorn
 Within the gloom of night,
A weary pilgrim seeking far
 The shrines of past delight.

And, Helen, I am standing
In the valley, where the rivers
Rush and foam adown the mountain side
 With sounds of liquid laughter—
Meet and mingle in the valley wide,
 To be as one hereafter.

Will we two meet, I wonder,
In the grand and great hereafter ?
We, whose paths have led asunder—
 Will we mingle mirth and laughter
When the torrents of our being
 Find the valley of the shadow ?

* * * * *

Twin Brothers.

A light-mounted skirmishing party we,
 Flying about on the skirts of the foe ;
Our comrades had fallen, and we were three
 When we turned our steeds towards the camp-fire's
 glow.

And, sitting straight in the saddle all day,
 We were quite knocked up, so we flung us down
In the cool green woods, by the dusty way,
 As night crept over the silent town.

A white river rushed through the leafy gloom,
And flash'd in the night like a sword unsheath'd ;
All else was silent and still as the tomb,
And we broke it not—not a word we breathed.

We saw in the distance the camp fires burn,
And the sky above gleam lurid and red ;
Our men were chiding our tardy return,
And we—we were mourning our comrades dead.

“Did you hear aught, Bill?” “Ay, a night-bird’s
scream,”
And we pondered the dangers battled through.
“So-ho, boys!” cried Murdoch, and ended our dream—
Leap'd into his saddle, white with the dew.

We sprang to our bridles and held our breath,
Tightened the reins and swung into our seat ;
Sudden a gun bullet's message of death
Hurtled behind me—Bill rolled at my feet !

I raised my rifle and peered through the night,
And Murdoch leap'd down to the side of Bill ;
Only the startled night-birds in their flight
Screamed o'er the tree-tops ; all else was still—

Still ! yet around me there floated white
A whiff of the white floating rifle smoke !
And a cold fear flashed, like a ghost of the night,
And thrilled to my heart like a sabre-stroke.

I sprang to the ground, Murdoch's weapon to reach,
And, trembling, I clutched it where it leant ;
In wild hot hurry I opened the breach
And my fingers withdrew *a cartridge spent !*

"Your sister—I loved her—you shot me down,
And you have revenge," I heard Bill say,
And his voice nigh failed him; "I shared in the frown
That followed the shame, and I swore one day

"I would wipe it out, and I kept my word;
My *brother*, not I, caused the shame and blight;
I waited well with my hand on my sword,
I—raise me; farewell! I slew him last night!"

We lifted his drooping head, and we saw
The fair face livid and the lips blood-red;
And we knew, as we stood in silent awe,
That all was over—Bill Sparling was dead.

In the hand of Murdoch a dagger gleamed;
It passed out of sight like a falling star;
A groan in the dark, and the life-blood streamed—
Two names had passed to the "dead" list of war.

I galloped away in line with the sea,
On the dusky road, in the darkness hid,
And the sound of the hoof-beats came to me
Like the crash of clods on a coffin lid.

Last night's paltry skirmish rose up to my view—
Dick Sparling the only one killed 'mong our men;
And, dashing right on through the dark, I knew
That a brother's right-hand a brother had slain.

And when, late at night, on the wide camp-field,
I whispered the fate of brave Murdoch and Bill,
The sturdy old colonel stagger'd and reeled
Like one shot suddenly going up hill.

“*She* will not know it, thank God !” he said ;
“ To-day, from the grave where Dick Sparling lies,
The poor, stricken, bonnie Scotch lassie was led,
The strange light of madness in her blue eyes.”

And ne’er did she know it. She lies at rest
On that far foreign field, with its belt of firs ;
And the shame and the sorrow have pass’d from her
breast,
And the wisdom God gives to the dead is hers.

* * * * *

Carlo.

Mornin’, sir! Ay, he’s a dog is that
As ye won’t find nohow in a year ;
Got the rit pluck in him, too, you bet ;
An’ his mouth?—ah, Lor’ love ’ee! boss, look here!

Hist, Carlo! There! them’s a set o’ teeth ;
And leuk at them jaws, sir—clean an’ squar’
Got the rit proppin’s, too, un’erneath ;
An’ his neck—ay, thet *er* a neck—look thar!

Five hunder dollar! Wall, I don’t quit
Wi’ ole Carlo, nohow—no offence!
Fact is, he’s a company ’sarn at the pit
An’ b’longs to the whole uv us all—so whence!

Fudge an’ gammon? Boss, thet will do!
We don’t sup sauce down the Pine Crik way,
An’ I’ve got a med’cine ball or——pew!
You don’t mean nuthin’?—excuse my way!

This sort it heppined : Three year agone,
When dust was nowhaur an' bread was dear,
We met wi' ole Carlo up Grisley Cone,
As I won't forget in a hunder year.

We wos workin' an' washin' in Grisley Gorge,
Our las' blamed shift in that cussed spot ;
For that Gorge *were* a sell, a reg'lar forge,
An' the engineer he was gettin' it hot !

Three year gone—ay, three year agone—
From Grisley Gorge we wos clearin' out,
When I hear, rit above me, up Grisley Cone,
A shoutin' an' yellin', oncommon about.

I leuks up the gulch, an' I jes could see,
O'er the brink o' Grisley, the engineer ;
An' I makes out for sartin he cling to a tree,
Adancin' on nuthin' an' yellin' like skeer !

An' I know'd thet ole tree, too, quick es flash ;
For often we stood thar, on Grisley brink,
Sendin' the stones down thet gulch with a crash
An' a noise, Lor' bless ye, as make ye wink !

I yelled to the boys, we wos twenty-six,
An' Morgan o' 'Frisco he spoke grim—
“Of all the derved sights, this beats 'em ter sticks !
But I guess he can swing up thar, or—swim !”

Wall, we didn't half like the ole engineer ;
But to hear the ole varmin squealin' up thar,
An' stan' an' do nuthin', leuked tarnal queer—
Though the critter was bad, an' bad he war

The boys they turned round wi' a kind uv frown,
Then leuk'd 'way up to the engineer ;
An' Morgan he growled: "When the coon comes down,
I guess he'll find the prospectin' queer !"

It didn't go down, somehow, thet speech
O' Frisco Morgan's, an' out we ran,
Tearin' up Grisley, each arter each,
Like pantin' antelopes, man arter man !

Up through the brush'ood, up an' on !
Scramblin' an' climbin', like mad, you bet ;
An' jes as we sighted ole Grisley Cone
We saw as the old coon was swingin' yet !

Hangin' like dead ! an' we sen's a cheer
Up to thet ole tree black an' grim ;
An' the branch it creaked, an' a grisly fear
Crep' on our hearts as we leuk'd at him.

"Kep still as a nugget," sang out Bill Wright,
"The branch er broke, an' it can't hol' long ;"
And it didn't, you swar ! for a face, dead white,
Swish'd down the gulch, like an ugly song !

Swish'd down the gulch ; and a hollerin' scream
Followed the engineer, an' a face
Look'd down from the tree, like an ugly dream,
Rit 'buve the engineer's per'lous place !

Pantin' an' blowin', we tore up the face
O' the blue scarr'd mountain, an'—God o' Heaven !
Right 'buve the engineer's per'lous place
Was Frisco Morgan's child o' seven !

Scramblin' an' climbin' up to the top—
Like pantin' antelopes, each arter each !
Pantin' an' blowin', an' ready to drop,
We look'd at the wee mite out o' reach !

" Lightest man in the squad goes up,"
Shouted old Bangor o' Dead Hoss Hill ;
An' pantin', dead beat an' ready to drop,
Stepp'd for'ard bravely Ohio Bill.

" Lightest man in the squad, bar one,"
I shouts back to Bangor ; " Morgan's here !"
An' " Right !" shouted Bangor ; " he saves his son
Or dies like a dog wi' the engineer !"

Morgan o' 'Frisco bowed his head,
An' he leuk'd, dead white, where his chile did swing ;
An' the branch far out o' the gulch it swayed,
An' creak'd an' moan'd like a livin' thing !

" Morgan o' 'Frisco ! forward—slick !"
The cuss'd coward, he stood stockstill.
" F!x the derned critter up thar—quick !"
Holler'd Ole Bangor o' Dead Hoss Hill.

You bet, we did ! an' we went to biz,
And fixed him up to that blasted tree ;
But I skeert, you guess, though my bile was riz,
When the settlin' o' Morgan fell to me !

I steps back a pace, 'bout a yard or so,
An' I lifts up my bowie—when—quick es flash—
Rit from the brush'ood leaps Ben Buffallo,
An' sent me a-spinnin', an' settled the hash !

“What’s the derned row? want the chile down? wall!
Guess that’s a new way o’ savin’ lives;
Clar out! I’ve a dog as ’ll shame ye all,
Wi’ yer fixin’s up an’ yer bowie-knives!”

And Ben o’ Buffallo, he steps out
To the brink o’ Grisley, and, b’low the tree,
He shies Carlo up to the ugly sprout
As leaned right over the gulch—d’ye see?

And Carlo he wriggled a bit in the breech,
An’ leuk’d kinder queer to the gorge below;
Then he fixes his eyes on the chile out o’ reach,
An’ crep’ out the dead tree wary an’ slow!

The chile he lay dead-like, an’ I can’t think
As he know’d what was doin’; an’ Carlo crep’,
Sof’ly as gold dust, out from the brink,
An’ his eyes, you bet, on that chile he kep’!

An’ wary an’ silent he reach’d to the child,
An’ opened them jaws, sir, clean an’ squar,
An’ I leuk’d, an’ I leuk’d, till a suthin’ wild
Tugged ’way my eyes from the gulch out thar!

An’ suthin’ come’d ’cross me. I heard a scream,
An’ Grisley spinn’d roun’ me; then all was black!
An’ when I kem to, boss, like from a dream,
Ole Carlo, Lor’ bless ye, wor at my back!

The boys they was wild, an’ the chile he lay
Yellow as gold dust, but safe an’ sound;
An’ Carlo? Lor’ love ’ee, we bought him thet day,
Dollar by dollar, each man rit round.

In a Hundred Years.

Refuge of hopeless and heedless ones,
Over its portals the legend runs —

“All the same in a hundred years.”

Old and young, women and men,
Sated with pleasure or burdened with pain,
Cast in its shadow their doubts and fears,
Crying, “All the same in a hundred years.”

Drifting to ruin, the fair youth knows
The course of the current and where it flows—

Luring him on where no hope appears ;
But he casts his thought like an oar to the sea,
And with ribald and reckless lips cries he—
“All the same in a hundred years.”

The bright coquette, with ringlets of brown,
Op'ning her heart to the butterfly town,
Touching her life with its smiles and tears,
Sees the white bloom of her fair name fade ;
But, heedless and haughty, tosses her head,
Singing, “All the same in a hundred years.”

Quaffing the wine in his maudlin glee,
Sitteth the drinker, and loud shouts he—

“All the same in a hundred years.”
“Fill up the goblet, time steals on,
Touch we, or taste we, or leave it alone—
‘All the same in a hundred years’ ”

Heigh, ho ! the waggoner Time,
Jolting along in his track sublime,
Changes all in a hundred years ;
To “no man's land” in a “far countrie,”
Laden with merchandise heavy, goes he,
Bought in the mart of a hundred years.

Folly lies there in its parent's blood,
Pleasure the syren, and Wine the god,
 Black 'neath the beauty of angels' tears ;
Their black works rot in the "great lone land,"
But no one bids for the baubles grand
 Bought in the mart of a hundred years.

* * * * *

Before the Gods.

To do no wrong is virtue dead,
 And holds no goodness in itself ;
'Tis as a nail without a head,
 Toss'd by a workman on the shelf !

And easy 'tis, in light of day,
 To do some deed the world will praise ;
But noble he who doth assay
 To live, through scorn, laborious days !

'Tis valiant to uplift a hand
 To ward the right, to crush the wrong ;
But grander to have self-command,
 And sternly suffer and be strong !

O, scanty praise to him is due
 Who orders all his life aright ;
Whose narrow nature never knew
 A passion's fierce and stormy night !

The brook is easily stemm'd ; a flood
 Disdains the barriers in its way :
The stinging vices of the blood
 It takes a giant will to slay !

And he who trims his acts and words,
And shrinks before life's toil and stress,
Is but a paltry knight that girds,
Like Sancho Panza, at success !

But he who, fearless, fights and fails,
'Gainst strong and overwhelming odds,
Is a true hero and prevails
Before the applauding gods !

* * * * *

Grannie's Stair.

Up from the dusty pavement
Three stone steps in blue ;
Above them, a creaking stairway,
Wooden and dark of hue,
Climbs in the narrow darkness
Up to a dwelling there :
It has flourished for generations—
It is known as "Grannie's Stair !"

A mission-house stands near it,
Prim in its shapely stone,
And within are unwashed faces
And a preacher's monotone.
I enter and hear Devotion
Lifting her voice in prayer ;
But thought will not rest—I am threading
The steps of "Grannie's Stair !"

And I take up the legend and call it
A quaint memorial, left
Of an unknown, gentle presence,
Into remembrance cleft !

A record of good un-namèd,
 Lowly and blessèd there,
 'Mong humble lives that knew not
 The name of "Grannie's Stair!"

And the preacher prosed loudly,
 Smug, and learnèdly wise,
 Of the primrose way of salvation
 To heavy and weary eyes ;
 But flat is the exhortation,
 My thought is elsewhere,
 And I know there's a road to heaven
 Even by "Grannie's Stair!"

* * * * *

Dying.

Stricken of fever, in this lonely room,
 I count the hours, slowly moving as they go,
 As doleful friar, in conventual gloom,
 Tells o'er his beads to ease his lonely woe.

The village is at rest, the lights are out,
 And thought and action cease to range and roam;
 And sleep, the great death-artist, walks about
 And hangs his pictures into every home.

The pine wood moans unto the heedless night
 And writhes and wrestles in the midnight rains,
 Like hoary captive yearning for the light
 And struggling vainly in his iron chains.

A troubled night : the winds, in loud career,
Riot adown the street and o'er the earth—
Like madcap bachannals, devoid of fear,
Waking the hours to rude and reckless mirth.

I dream of home and of the loved one there,
And pain departs as arrow from the bow ;
I only see pale life in passionate prayer
And brave hearts wrestle with parental woe.

Night swoons in the last throes of her eclipse,
And the white dawn comes slowly up the street—
Like some weak sufferer, pale, with pallid lips,
Walking the fever wards on wasted feet.

This body wastes away, and I can feel
The strivings of the soul with all that mars,
As clouds trail up their garments and reveal
The panting lustre of the naked stars.

* "Thank God for one day more " of life and light
In this great universe—that leaves me here ;
That rushes as an engine through the night,
Leaving me standing half in faith and fear.

Gird up thy loins, O soul, and lead me on
O'er life's last depths that lie my way before,
As some strong swimmer clasps a drowning one
And bears him safely onward to the shore.

* Almost the last words in the diary of George Heath, the
moorland poet.

The Midnight Mail.

I walked on the lonely highway,
And heard on the ringing rail,
Like some black beast of the darkness,
The rush of the midnight mail.

I saw, for a moment only,
A gleam of the faces white,
In the long cars, straining and streaming
Into the solemn night.

But down in the distant hollow
The lights of the city shone,
And I knew that expectant faces
Were waiting each weary one :

And I thought, as I travelled onwards,
The swift generations of men
Are but as the flashing of faces
Seen in this midnight train.

They gleam for a moment only,
Then pass from the world's dim sight ;
But the angels in Heaven are waiting
The wandering sons of night !

For our souls are journeying homewards,
And life is the iron road
Leading right on through the darkness
Into the City of God !

A Glint o' Thrums.

I see it yet, the dear auld toon
O' clickin' looms and sapient weavers ;
I hear the Chartist "planks" laid doon,
I see the auld men cock their beavers !

Swith roon the Toon House, Drummer Mill
Comes on the scene, sae bland and gaucey
To "Rub-a-dub !" the place doth fill,
An' hamely Kirrie thrangs the causey.

Ilk face I ken ; they're a' the same
As when, langsyne, in life's glad mornin',
I joined in ilka laddie game
Or spang'd the Gairy, danger scornin' !

I climb the Roods, an' tak' the road
That wanders through the woods o' Caddam ;
And life—in dream—has nae hard load,
And care—at airm's length I haud'm !

An' bonnie is the licht to-day
On toon an' station, field an' quarry ;
And ae sweet spirit holdeth sway
And breathes frae ilka spot o' Barrie !

The Old Year and the New.

Watchman, what of the night ?

“ It is darkening down,
And the snow lies white
In the muffled town.

The old year passes unto his rest
And the new is spurring across the waste—
Open the gates and let him in,
Stainless and blameless and free from sin.”

Watchman, what of the night ?

“ It is well-nigh done ;
The old year dieth,
His race is run.

Stainless and blameless, the glad new year
Waits at the gates ; he is here ! he is here !—
Open the gates and let him in,
Stainless and blameless and free from sin.”

Watchman, what of the night ?

“ It is pass'd and gone,
And a new guest stands
On the cold hearth-stone.

Pile up the logs, make the fires burn bright ;
Shut the door on the old year, dead with the night ;
Shut the door on the old, with a cheer for the new ;
With a sneer for the false, and a song for the true.”

The Landrail.

(Inscribed to a Poetical Friend.)

In twilights, when the breath of June
Lies heavy on the grass,
And all the dewy stillness drips
Around you as you pass :

A sudden sound you oft may hear,
In fragrant meads descried,
That now seems furlongs from the path
And now is by your side.

The landrail of the corn it is,
That, hidden from the sight,
Soundeth his broken interlude
Between the day and night.

A sudden note ; as when, across
His stringèd instrument,
A pleasèd player draws the bow,
When the rich music's spent.

Scant melody in the dusky throat
That drinks earth's freshness rare,
What time the singing choir has drained
The music of the air.

But not in vain the landrail's voice
In fragrant meads is heard,
If to the instinct of content
We pay a just regard :

And not in vain, O gentle bard,
The songs that you have sung ;
Though, after higher singers, thine
May seem a stammering tongue.

The voice from out the heart of peace,
However tame and dull,
If but in keeping with the hour,
Must still be beautiful.

* * * * *

Song of Sin.

Ho ! ho ! but the world it was all mine own,
And the hearts of men were the hounds I kept ;
I trained them well, and I trained them long,
And the lash I wielded was heavy and strong
To whip their meekness or curb their pride
And cut at their worship until it died ;

Fashion and folly,
All meats unholy—

Feeding on garbage, ha ! ha ! I knew
Was the safe, sure way of keeping them true,
And over the snarling dogs I stept.

Hidden away in the coverts of life
Lay panting pleasure, and I let slip
The dusky desires that would not keep back—
I hounded them on, the yelping pack,
And over the echoing world they went,
By dismal jungles of discontent,
Foaming and fuming,
Their lives consuming,
As, forward still on their purpose bent,
They scented pleasure and kept her track,
The white foam breaking from limb and lip.

Ha ! ha ! but the chase was wild and wide ;
And fleet-limb'd pleasure was seen abroad,
As through the shadows of many a shame
The red-tongued passions all headlong came,
Clearing the marches of honour and faith,
Baffled and blinded and scant of breath,
 Foaming and fuming,
 Their lives consuming,
As, madly reeling, they met their death
In sin's wide shambles when they came in—
Rotting they rest in the shambles of sin.

* * * * *

A Country Church.

O sacred house of praise and prayer,
 I linger in your peaceful shade,
By dingy pew and pulpit stair,
 My soul in solemn thoughts arrayed.
The rustic worshippers have gone,
 And in the house there is no sound ;
 Soft silence broods on all around,
Like spirit in wide depths alone.

Outside, the aged elm tree stands
 Voiceless within the summer air,
Like being dumb, with lifted hands,
 Who cannot utter words of prayer.
The sunshine streams on graveyard wide,
 And through the church's open door,
 And lies serene upon the floor,
And pure as spirit sanctified.

On painted windows, dim and quaint,
It falls in floods of purple light ;
And haloed crown and hoary saint
Shew lustrous in the glory bright :—
As, in the flush of poet's brain,
Transfigured rise the meanest things,
To images with golden wings,
And in the light of song remain.

The lightest footfall on the floor
Sounds void, mysterious, and dim,
As shell retains upon the shore
The echo of the ocean's hymn.
The blue fly, on the window pane,
Drones through the Sabbath afternoon
A drowsy discontented tune
And beats its gossamer wings in vain.

Oppressive grows the stillness deep,
And lifeless, cold, and void it seems—
Like shadows haunting troubled sleep
Within the soundless land of dreams :—
I pass from out the solemn shade
Into the golden light of day ;
And sadness passes straight away,
Like moving cloud in gloom arrayed.

On tower and tarn and wooded height,
A mellow, melting glory lies—
Dim prophecy of the grander light
Seen only of immortal eyes ;
The westering sun, with heart aglow,
Poises above the amber clouds,
Like weary mariner in the shrouds
When homeward breezes softly blow.

By manse, courtyard, and stable door,
Like angry men o'er points of law,
Are gibbering sparrows, fighting o'er
Huge heaps of dust and kneaded straw;
And dusky swallows dart and skim
By garden walls and meadows fair,
The mail'd crusaders of the air,
With thoughts towards Jerusalem!

I pass adown the graveyard walk,
The pastor joins me as I go,
And, filled with sober, earnest talk,
The pleasant hour doth calmly flow.
Moves the red sun adown the west,
The rich light pales to ashen grey,
And all the glory swoons away
Into the arms of night and rest.

* * * * *

The Poem.

It came in a vision of beauty to me,
One summer day in the upper glen,
And it whispered of peace and tranquillity
And weaned my heart from the world of men.

It hovered around me in dreams of the night,
It flashed through my life in the golden day;
And ever it breathed of a sweet delight
And beckoned and pointed as angel may.

It followed my steps on the dun hillside,
It gleamed in the light of the summer sea,
And I opened my heart, with a nameless pride,
And listened the music it sang to me.

I opened my heart, and I nursed with care
The melody burning within my brain ;
And I vowed in my soul I would nobly dare
To sing this new evangel to men.

I have wrought at the task till my eyes are hot,
And fancies flash like a flock of birds ;
But never a foot of a flying thought
Will rest in the barren waste of words.

I marshal the music that burns in my brain,
And I send it forth with a trust sublime ;
But the melody pants down the lay in vain
And dies in the murmurous march of rhyme.

The poem is fashioned and finished quite,
And I sit in the sunlight reading here ;
But the music is dead, and the glory bright
Is cold as the gleam of an upland mere.

* * * * *

Surfaceman.

*(Lines inscribed to Alex. Anderson, Esq., University of
Edinburgh).*

Blessings be on thee, O poet,
Who came to our life and woke,
By the music of thy pure spirit,
The longings the world did choke.

Who cheered us in all our labour,
And stood by our side in the throng,
Till trouble, like some dark angel,
Fell dead at the breath of song.

In whose high-hearted lyrics
The clarion sound of cheer
Rose up on the soul's deep darkness,
Quelling the voice of fear

Who, as by the heart's Bethesda
We sat in the porches of grief,
Came downward to our despairing
On the white wings of relief ;

And sent us forward radiant,
And higher aspirings conferred,
From the pools of this world's worship,
By the plumes of thy strong lay stirred.

O, ever since then, thou poet,
Thou seemest as angel bright,
With weighted limbs in the darkness,
And brow in celestial light ;

And up that fancy's heaven,
Rimm'd with the stars of mind,
A round, clear moon of genius
Rises on humankind !



The Fern Basket.

A simple thing of willow made,
And filled with moss and drooping fern ;
" A useless, paltry thing," I said,
And spoke the girlie stern.

An unwashed, city child was she,
A bright, precocious, little elf ;
In city slums of misery
She battled for herself.

" Nay, nay, I will not buy," I said,
And turned uneasy in my chair :
And straight replied the little maid—
" Good sir, the roots are there."

The quick, bright answer pleased me much ;
And, 'fore her pleading voice and look,
I felt within my heart a touch
Of merited rebuke.

And so I bought the basket neat ;
And, blessings on the basket girl !
I found a pleasure doubly sweet
Watching the plants uncurl.

And tall and graceful they have grown ;
And, sitting in my room to-day,
I feel an influence, summer-blown,
Calling my thoughts away.

And lapp'd in dreams of " dowie dens,"
'The graceful ferns before me bending,
A thought shoots up of dowie lanes
'Through which the girl is wending.

And nought of beauty, nought of good,
In her dark city life I see ;
And, pitying all her sisterhood,
Strange feelings wake in me.

But with them comes a fancy sweet,
Peering behind the "maiden-hair ;"
Whispers a voice in accents meet—
"Good sir, the roots are there !"

* * * * *

In the City.

Arid and dull the broad street lies,
And peacetul in the twilight dim,
As to my window, floating, come the cries
Of children—a sweet hymn.

A ruin'd church keeps green a tree
That shadows half the quiet street ;
And in the still hour, passing pleasantly,
I nurse a vision sweet.

Where high walls bar the light of day,
And heated pinions move and run,
Wide meadows, rich with whin-bloom, led away
Bright children to the sun !

I thread with them the tangled brakes
Of bracken, by the moorland's brow,
And memory stirs the withered past and makes
A summer here and now !

And I can hear the shout and song
Of boyhood, as in some strange clime ;
The heart's deep echoes answer far and long
That hope-flush'd, halcyon time.

I lift the dream-wrought fancy up
And quaff a nectarous draught divine ;
But, lo ! ere yet relinquish'd is the cup,
A drop of gall in mine !

As this dull city place, where grew
The summer flowers, my life I see
Walled in to commerce, running through and through
Each vein and artery !

And in my soul (like city street,
With mirroring door and pane)
Life's feverish aims are seen, like hurrying feet,
Reflected back again !

The present, like the hoary tree
That saw the wild-flow'rs bloom and die,
Speaks, when its sombre shadow rests on me,
Of happy days gone by.



Wretchedness.

To stand alone in your woe,
When the loved of your heart has departed,
And hear the loud turmoil of hurrying feet
Dying dimly away in the distant street
And the sound of rough voices hard-hearted.

To feel the world has no part
In your manifold sobbing and sorrow ;
As you stand, all the music of life passed away,
The heart-strings all broken, that only to-day
You had set to the tune of "to-morrow."

To hold in your heart a joy,
With a tender and thrilling emotion,
And see it fall down in the dust where you stand ;
As a pearl, held aloft by a tremulous hand,
May be lost in the depths of mid-ocean.

To toil, in the dreary night,
Up the rugged hillsides of endeavour,
And see the white dove of fond hope fly away
In the mists that envelop the perilous way
O'er the untrodden mountains of never.

To struggle alone and feel
That the heart and the brain are impairing,
As you fight in the jungle of thought alone
With the leopard of living speech, unknown
Of the world in your mighty despairing.

To toil and struggle and strain
With the evil around you prevailing
And see the foul head of dark wrong rising up—
Is wretchedness surely, its bitterest cup ;
Human wretchedness—deep, unavailing.

* * * * *

The Guests.

A guest came to a village inn,
And held carousal long and loud ;
And laugh'd his fill, and toss'd his gin,
And played mad capers 'fore the crowd ;
With gold and scrip right well supplied,
He went in trappings proud.

Another came, late in the night,
And slipt, unheard, unto his bed,
And in the hush of dawning light
They found the weary traveller dead !
Nor gold, nor scrip ; but at his breast
A written song—blood-red !

The guest who toss'd his gold about
Did ne'er again come back that way,
And what his history, what his route,
None in that village old can say ;
The lineage of the cottar lout,
Is as well known to-day.

But to his grave who died unseen
The love of all his country came
And mourned the gracious "might have been,"
And sung his songs, and praised his name,
And wreathed his mem'ry, ever green
With sweet forget-me-nots of Fame !

Glen Ogil.

Oh, bonnilie on Ogil the summer sunlicht fa's,
An' cantie croon the burnies by hill an' wooded glen;
An' I wad barter a' I win, an' lea' these city wa's,
To spend in dear Glen Ogil six simmer days again.

The city's dust is on me, an' I am far awa';
Nor mavis' mellow sang is heard, nor happy burnie's
croon;
But aft, when labour's ended quite, an' gloamin'
shadows a',
The crested lapwing, Memory, in the lane glen
settles doon.

The moorfowl's whirring cry I hear the grey hill-slopes
alang,
The whaup's disconsolate wailin', the brawl o' muir-
land streams;
An' weird, as in the days langsyne, the deep glen glacks
amang,
The hill-winds are hallooin' doun the gorges o' my
dreams.

The Perthshire hills are bonnie, Schiehallion's steep
an' hie,
An' grandly rows the buirdly Tay by hut an' lordly
ha';
But, gazin' on the wondrous scenes, a tear but dims
the e'e,
An' thochts o' sweet Glen Ogil will rise an' whirr awa'.

The hills abune Glen Ogil! I see them, a' the day,
As veive as when I speel'd them in summer days
langsyne;

The heather purples in my heart, the hill mists gather
grey.

And the light that glims in each air stream my soul
will never leave.

I lived and loved in Ogd's land, ah, what was I not

To live again in the green in the days that are now?

But, by St. Andrew's misty moon, in the subject glens
below,

I vow to see sweet Ogd yet, when summer breezes
blow.

+ + + + +

The Lost Pathway.

I strayed far up on the hills one day,
In the glow of the sunshine warm and bright ;
Wandered from gleaming height to height,
O'er the lonely steeps, till I lost my way ;
And a grey mist fell, and the fair abode
I had left behind me was hid from the view,
And the open pathway the grey glen through ;
And not till the foot of the dawn led on,
Came deliverance sweet, when the night was gone !

So when we stray from the path of God,
In the glow of pleasure, the heat of desire,
The world seems pure as a vestal fire ;
And we wander far, and we lose our way,
To the lowly duties of common day :—
To the warmth and the love of the blest abode ;
And doubt settles down on a darksome road,
Whence only the feet of a child may gain
The lost straight pathway to God again !

Might have been.

Oh, sad are the graves of ocean,
Where millions have found a tomb,
'Neath the salt spray's loud commotion,
Where sea flowers wave and bloom.

But sadder than ocean's graveyard wide,
With its flowers so pale and green,
Are the buried hopes 'neath life's rough tide
In the grave of the Might have been !

Life's dearest, fondest endeavours,
That never fruition gained,
Lie there, in the heart's deep places—
Pale ghosts of the unattained !

The flowers of a fond affection
Bloom over them, day and night,
And regret, like a dark sarcophagus,
Hides them away from sight.

But hearts of wearied women and men
Know them full well, I ween,
And water with tears of sorrow and pain
The graves of the Might have been !



Cannadice, Forfarshire.

A dream of a quiet village
Comes into my heart to-day,
And wakens forgotten mem'ries
That drowsy and dormant lay—
Like the echoes in some old mansion,
When the dwellers have passed away.

I hear the lap of the river,
The purl of the little brook,
The mill-wheel's ceaseless plashing,
Where the children come and look ;
The sweet spot lies before me,
Like a scene in a pictured book.

A "bit" of the surging world,
From the great world far apart,
Where only the echoes of passion
Are heard in the quiet mart ;
As a shell of the music of ocean
Retains but a little part.

The soft light lies on the roadway,
And, half in shadow and sun,
The little playground, where the children
Merrily romp and run—
Half in the shadow and sunshine,
Of lifetime scarcely begun.

Blue skies bend over the village,
And up in the north I see
The crests of the lordly Grampians,
The shimmer of tower and tree ;
'Till all my youth-time rises
With the wealth of its melody.

The Photograph.

(A Memory of Dundee.)

A score of faces look on me
From out the dingy photograph ;
But, of them all, the better half
Are dead, or sundered by the sea.

A happy band, I trow, were we
That in sequestered Chapelshade,
For mutual counsel, mutual aid,
Held regular tryst ; and we were free—

As youth is free—in thought and speech
And wild gyratings to the moon !
And though the world, too soon, too soon !
Dragg'd to their level all and each,

What matter ? The sweet hope that made
That time so dear, though crush'd and bent
Like marr'd and broken instrument
No human hand has ever played,

Is sacred ; and I turn to-day
That buoyant, blissful time to scan ;
As, musing o'er his cherish'd plan,
The baffled, poor mechanic may.

Pale memory, like a round moon, dips
Into the heaven of that far time ;
Dreaming—I hear a poet rhyme,
With pale blue eyes and smiling lips ; *

* The author of "Sandy Gray's Jackdaw," a popular humorous reading.

And he, who stood upon a height,
The good, grey man, who ever sought
To guide the stumbling baby thought
To higher ground and clearer light—

He takes me by the hand and looks
Down in my heart, as in a well !
And whispers earnestly where dwell
Rare pebbles in the stream of books !

Until I fancy he is here,
In this still room where now I stand ;
And by his side, from Afric's land,
The laureate of my young career !

Dead to the world the poet-seed
He sow'd in youth ; no more he sings ;
But, soldier grown ! he nobly flings
The love-assegais of his creed.

And he, the good, grey man, whose voice
Was tender as a woman's word,
His name but yesterday I heard,
And bless'd it—'twas my only choice.



Death: a Sonnet.

Death toiled in shadow of the world, and saw
His great work deepen on the canvas broad ;
And, gazing sadly on it, in strange awe
He bow'd before it, as beneath a load,
Crying, in strong despair, as unto God—
“ This work stupendous draweth to an end,
And I, that feel decaying, what of me ?
Deep in my scorched soul I apprehend
A nothingness infinite that is to be
My portion ; and methinks I see
This pulsing planet crackling into space
In ruin, and confusion, and loud roar,
My wide work with it, that shall never more
Darken the white walls of the human race.”

* * * * *

Life: a Sonnet.

Our little lives are but the fires God lights
Upon the hearth of time ; that burn and burn
And swiftly, surely, into darkness turn
The driftwood of our wrecked days and nights :—
Our hopes and fears, our glooms and brief delights,
The radiances and shadows of them all,
Flung on the cold world, as upon a wall,
Standing in shadow of the immillion'd lights.
How strange, how evanescent are they all !
Dying in darkness of what deeds undone !
As flashing, flitting o'er Death's boundary wall
The soul-sparks vanish ! God ! beneath the sun,
Where Thou stand'st ever, putting out the lights,
How swiftly burn our wasting days and nights !

Clickity-Clack.

Eh, sirs ! but the days o' bairnhood
Come back, an' we kenna hoo :
An' I'm no' an aul' blin' body ;
Hech ! I'm a bairn i' the noo !

A bairn 'mang towsy bairns,
Paidlin' in dub an' mire,
Keekin' intae the kirkyaird,
Playin' mad pranks wi' the fire.

A bairn amang bairns i' the ben-room,
Hidin' amo' the stour,
While clickity-clack goes faither's loom,
Merrily, oor by oor.

Clickity-clack—clickity-clack,
It rings i' my lug the day ;
Clickity-clack in aul' grannie's lug,
An' this is what it doth say :

“ Ye're only bairns, wilfu' bairns,
Gentle an' semple an' a',
Playin' mad pranks i' the stoury warl',
Ahint Death's gruesome wa'.

“ Clickity-clack goes Time's shuttlecock,
Steadily day by day,
As ye hide i' the stour frae the Faither's face,
Or wi' sin's firebrands play.

“ Clickity-clack, clickity-clack !
The wab is thick on the beam ;
Clickity-clack in aul' grannie's lug ”—
Eh, sirs ! I'm gangin' hame.

A May Song.

I pluck'd a sweetly-blooming rose
 Yesterday ;
I wore it on my breast and went,
Lightly singing o'er gorse and bent,
 Far away ;
Fields were green and meadows white,
And the grey lark hymned in light
 All the day.

I met a maiden fair as May
 Yesterday ;
Through the woods' green depths we walk'd,
Lightly laughed and fondly talk'd,
 All the way :
Hearts were given to gladness quite ;
Love was lost in high delight
 Yesterday.

The summer-rose a street waif wears
 To-day ;
And the maiden, fair of face,
Steps adown the market-place
 Right gay ;
Fell the flower to touch of glove,
And a rich man stole my love
 To-day !

March Music.

Merry, merry, March wind, whooping through the wood,
Whistling in the tree-tops in your joyous mood,
Toying with the dead leaves, what is that you say?
You have brought my youth-time to my heart to-day.

As the withered rose-leaves lying in a vase,
Stirred, give out the perfume of the summer days,
So, O merry March wind, you have waked again
Memories that slumbered in my dreaming brain.

As a flying shadow o'er a lake doth pass,
As the evening breezes stirring in the grass,
Come across my spirit fancies sombre-hued,
Stir within my bosom memories of good.

Merry, merry, March wind, twenty years ago
Life was sweet as sunshine, pure as driven snow ;
Now the joy is fading, youth is passed away—
Merry, merry, March wind, bring them back to-day !

* * * * *

Sea-Drift.

The boats lay at the harbour mouth,
The evening tide bore calmly in,
And twilight gathered, and the south
Played lightly on the canvas thin.

I went into our cottage home,
And, peering through the lattice, scanned
The boats go out, through flowing foam,
And wafted kisses with my hand ;

And, kneeling by the cradle low,
I kissed our infant darling there ;
And, full with joy to overflow,
My soul went out to God in prayer.

From troubled dreams, at early dawn,
I startled as a maniac may ;
For, gazing down the seaward lawn,
I saw huge wreckage strew the bay.

The east was purple, and the sun
Skulk'd through the heavens with troubled air,
Like some wild lion forced to run,
Untimeous startled, from his lair.

A band of stalwart fishers bear
A dripping burden slowly in ;
And darkness gathers in the air,
And joy is rent like canvas thin.

* * * * *

The Golden Age.

The Golden Age is forward,
Though distance dims the dream ;
Its lights are beckoning onward,
Through fog, and fire, and steam

Ay, onward and not backward
Doth lie the Golden Age ;
And Titan Time is shaping
The glorious heritage !

The Golden Age is forward,
Through cloud and stormful wrack,
And poet-souls and prophets
Are hymning on its track !

Lo ! life and death are warring,
And sanguine is the fray ;
And hailest thou as victor
The spirit or the clay ?

The armies of the peoples,
From Court, and camp, and school,
Are marching in their millions,
The serried ranks are full !

And when the Imperial Future
Shall come into his own,
Lo ! Life shall be triumphant
And Death shall be o'erthrown.

And 'yond all dissolution,
Above the shocks of fate,
Eternal evolution,
Divine as God ! shall wait.



The Rhymer's Song.

I found it in my heart one day,
A feeble thing without a stain ;
It cheered me more than words can say—
It made sweet music in my brain.

It went about where'er I went,
It whispered to me on the street—
(Was it a guardian angel sent
To guide my wild and wayward feet ?)

And I was proud, and longed to see
Its beauty recognised of all ;
"And so," said I most lovingly,
"I'll send thee forth whate'er befall."

It went away all meanly clad
In homely fancies of the brain,
With pleading voice and burden sad—
A wanderer in the hearts of men !

And in the world it lost its way,
And died an outcast in the dark ;
Within the unheeding world it lay—
An arrow that hath missed its mark.

The Quest of Happiness.

I asked a lady, with look of grace,
If she had seen her, and she did say—
“She rested here for a little space,
Looked in the eyes of a baby face,
And vanished in tears, one morning grey,
When our dear little darling fluttered away.”

I questioned a poet, all forlorn,
And he made answer—“Long years ago,
In an hour when a golden thought was born,
I found a chaplet that she had worn ;
But, faded is the chaplet, and she?
I dream we will meet in the years to be.”

And so I followed by thorp and town,
From weary day to weary day ;
And lingering long by dale and down,
And purple moorland, and mountains brown,
I caught the gleam of her mantle grey—
She walks in the world of nature away.

“Shepherd, that dwells on the open moor,
Can you not tell me where to find her?”
The old man lifted his voice and said—
“She passed from me when our son lay dead ;
But came again when his grave was green,
And flutter’d about in the years between,
With ever a silent sorrow behind her.

But, ah !” he muttered, “trust not your hopes ;
On earth she has no home of her own ;
She drops her joy as the cuckoo drops

Its egg in some nest in the tangled copse—
You stand and look with a puzzled frown
On the curious shell when the bird has flown !”

I ceased from the quest, and straightway went
To the duty lying nearest me,
And a wondrous realm of rich content
Canopied life like a firmament,
And happiness came and dwelt with me—
Came down from her immortality !

* * * * *

“ B o b .”

Your little sketch came safely here
This morning, fresh with morning dew ;
Dear Bob, I wept a boyish tear
And bless'd the loving heart that drew.

And as I sit alone to-day,
Like prisoned boy from school set free,
A memory rises up in me
And from my manhood breaks away.

I see the schoolhouse by the road
That leads into the country town,
Where all day long, with swinging load,
The water-cart wheeled up and down.

I sit within the school and hear
The drowsy hum of voices low,
The master's measured tread and slow,
And all the air grows quick with fear.

THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY SO FAST—
 AND THROUGH THE SCHOOL—THE FIVE YEARS WENT—
 IN THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 AND THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—

THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY SO FAST—
 AND THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THROUGH THE FIVE YEARS WENT—
 AND THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—

AND THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY SO FAST—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—

THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY SO FAST—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—

AND THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY SO FAST—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—

AND THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY SO FAST—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—
 THE FIVE YEARS WENT BY—



Donald Macdonald.*(A Dundee Litterateur.)*

Here in this Parlour city, framed in June,
I read the chilling lines that tell of death ;
And life, like some harsh note, sounds out of tune,
And a dull sorrow clutches at my breath.

A radiant soul : he look'd with kindly gaze
On men and nature, and his touch was sure ;
And, though the world denies him lasting praise,
Full well he wrought and kept his honour pure.

Across dim years—a score of years—I look,
And the big brow and open face I see ;
I read the thoughts he thought, for, as a book,
His heart was open—he was dear to me.

And now, alas ! the chilling lines that tell
Of sudden halting on the path he trod ;
Yet “Such is Life” *—pale wayfarer, all is well !
A few brief years divide us—God is God

* The title of his last effort.



In the Twilight

In the soft and solemn twilight, I watch the shadows
play,

As they steal through latched window and enter by
the door,

While they take their silent places on the dim walls
old and grey,

Or trip, like troops of elfins, upon the parlour floor.

On the hearth the big fire blazes and leaps in frantic
glee,

And the white flames dance and flicker like rich
wine in a cup :

And the red heart of the pine log beams bright and
warm, and free.

As when some genial carle flings the reins of wis-
dom up.

Outside, the rough winds wander on the moorland
bleak and bare ;

I hear them rave for shelter by the wide umbrageous
wood ;

And the trees, in gloomy counsel, uplift their arms in
air

And whisper low, as men may do in secret brother-
hood.

Oh, my children, playing gladly upon the parlour floor,
You enter in at the doorway and sit beside my heart ;
And I pray God, in the twilight, you may sit there
evermore,

Lightly as the elfin shadows, and nevermore depart !

I cut and carve at the future in dim uncertainty,
Flushing to look on my wishes in light and grace
arrayed,
As a boy his name and birthplace cuts in the wayside
tree
And crimson at the miracle of puny, paltry blade.

By the hearthstone of affection you play in eager mirth,
And the laughter of your voices is the white flame
of my life ;
And, like the dove of Noah, my soul goes o'er the
earth
In search of a twig of promise above the wide
world's strife ;

For I know that, like the night winds, sin wanders far
and free,
And raves, and wrestles, and clamours at the heart,
weak to resist ;
And I pray God my own darlings unspotted aye may
be,
And keep the password faithful in the brotherhood
of Christ.




Under the Trees.

Under the trees in the garden
We wander, my darling, to-day,
While in the beeches the blackbird
Is trilling his rich roundelay ;
And the dew lies light and tender
On herbage in meadow and plain,
Like blessings showered down by angels
On the wearied spirits of men.

Under the trees in the garden,
In a realm that is passed away,
We crowned you with snow-white blossoms
Twenty years ago, if a day.
And light was the sway you wielded
In that kingdom of childhood fair ;
But your subjects, hot and restless,
Threw down their allegiance and sware.

Under the trees in the garden,
They would nevermore bow to thee ;
So, o'er the borders of youth-time
They fled, in their joy to be free ;
And I—I went with them proudly,
And fought on to manhood's domain,
But in my heart was a yearning
To be under your sway again.

Under the trees in the garden,
In the dawn of the sweet spring-time,
When the birds burst out in music
As a poet breaks into rhyme :
And so I proffer my homage
And swear nevermore to roam,
If, o'er your renegade subject,
You will reign in the kingdom of Home.



In a Farm-House.

Within the farm-house on the moor,
We sat, throughout the winter night,
And listened to the legends strange
Of cot and castle, hall and grange,
That keep their weird and witching hold
On hearts that tremble in the cold
Of superstition's ghostly light.

The pinewood blazed upon the hearth
And showered its rays of quivering light
On wainscot walls that, grim and grey,
Scarce brightened in the arrowy spray ;
As you have seen the lightning stark
Flash its white dagger down the dark,
And earth disdain its winged might.

Outside, we heard the winds go by,
Like hurrying steeds to battle driven,
And, in the woodlands stretching wide,
A moaning, as of sullen tide,
Beaten to landward by the breeze,
Wide sweeping over wrathful seas
That lift their foaming lips to heaven.

The doors along the lobby creaked,
And on the musty window-pane
The long laid dust again was stirred ;
The ivy fluttered like a bird
That beats its wings against the bars,
Or trembling sits beneath the stars
When hoots the grey owl in the glen.

The dog, upon the hearth-stone white,
From troubled slumber woke by times ;
The hinds, unrestful, closer drew
And heard strange sounds in winds that blew,
As hears the murderer of his kind,
In pauses of the raging wind,
The swift avenger of his crimes.

And still around the fire we sat,
While the old shepherd rambled on
Of ghosts and goblins in the glen,
Of lights that burned in storm and rain,
And spirits that by tower and tarn,
And river deep, and moorland barren,
Hold revel when the day is done.

A sudden gust of wind came down
The ancient chimney, black and grim ;
The fire paled in the deep'ning gloom ;
An eerie stillness filled the room,
Like that which falls on beast and bird
When the loud thunder-crash is heard
And the cold air is dead and dim.

The wrinkled carle, old and grey,
Paused in his speech and cleared the grate
Then straight resumed, in droning key—
The theme but half believed ; for he,
The crafty rascal, doubted much,
But gloried in his power to touch
The hearts that thrilled as if to fate.

“What, ho ! my lads not yet to bed ?”
The farmer entered staff in hand ;

And faces white with nameless fear
Looked up and grinned from ear to ear :—
As when within a placid lake
A stone is plunged, the wavelets break
And widen to the shingly strand.

* * * * *

Lay of a Snowdrop.

*(Suggested on finding a withered snowdrop on the grave
of a Scotch poet.)*

I lay within the graveyard ground
When the cold earth lay all in white,
And winter came, with bellowing sound,
And stalked throughout the sheeted night.
I heard his gusty ordnance roar
By tower and tree and surf-beat shore,
And on the roofs of this grey town
His icy hail came sweeping down.

And Nature lay so still and stark,
And gave no signs of life or breath ;
She seemed as form that in the dark
Lies shrouded in white robes of death.
Nor bird's sweet song through morning grey,
Nor stir of leaf, nor brooklet's play,
Breathed o'er the beauty that lay hid,
Like form concealed by coffin lid.

And lying in my cell of clay,
As sun enshrouded in eclipse,
I felt a thrill of joy one day,
A drop of moisture touched my lips.

It cheered my spirit, sorely bent
Within my mouldy tenement,
And, like Christ-touchèd worshipper,
I felt new life within me stir.

Thought I—"Soft airs are blowing free
Above me, in the azure sun,
And the sweet breath of liberty
By dauntless heart and arm is won."
And so I broke my bonds one night
And raised on earth my banner white ;
Soft airs blew o'er it as I stood
In shadow of the waving wood ;

And, gazing on my standard proud,
Spring, rallying, smote the glens with light,
Till o'er the hills, with curses loud,
Wild winter passed one stormy night ;
And down by brake and bush and tree
Were songs of joy and victory,
And loveliness within the land,
Reft from a dark usurper's hand.

And proudly went the fair spring forth,
With beauty my life-blood supplied ;
She praised its sweet and snowy worth,
And cast it from her when it died ;
As on her brow old Scotland wears
The wreath of poesy, and bears
The worn-out heart of him who gave
To grey mound and unlettered grave.

And thus you find me drooping here,
My beauty gone, my fragrance shed,
Above a homely poet's bier ;
Neglected 'mong the tended dead,

Among the waving grass to lie,
Unseen save by the eager eye
Of wandering bard, who comes to show
Respect for him who sleeps below.

* * * * *

The Homestead Ruin.

The twilight shadows gather down
The rugged hillsides, bare and brown,
As in the stillness deep and wide
I rest me in the eventide.
Before me lies a ruin grey,
 In midst of heather waving free—
A roofless homestead in decay,
 Where life and love were wont to be.

I enter through the open door,
And pace the silent moss-green floor,
And listen to the dreamy play
Of breeze that loiters on its way ;
And whispers soft, and low, and faint,
 By windows worn and lichen'd stairs,
Like some life-weary wandering saint
 At penitential evening prayers.

In shadow of the crumbling wall
A beauteous fern-tree's tresses fall,
And, bending tremulously fair,
In the soft gloom of evening air,
The graceful thing seems unto me
 A maiden, with meek eyes down bent,
Who listens long and lovingly
 To honied words of compliment.

The darkness deepens, and the night
Wakes the grey bat to eerie flight ;
In zig-zag circle floating near,
The flapping of its wings I hear,
As of some evil-omen'd thing
That flutters where dark deed has been,
In legend that keeps hovering
Like shadow in a nightmare seen.

Afar within the wood is heard
The loud tu-whu of rav'nous bird ;
And, nearer in the glen, the cry
Of startled muirfowl takes the sky.
A feeling weird as Runic rhyme
Creeps o'er me, and I stand and gaze,
Slipping the ground of scene and time,
And breathe the air of other days.

.

The wintry wind is blowing shrill
Around the homestead on the hill ;
It whistles on the granary floor
And plays mad capers at the door,
Whooping about by court and stall
In boisterous music, loud and long,
Like some night-wandering bacchanal
Singing a rude convivial song.

On glen and hill the snow lies white,
And in the kitchen warm and bright
The fire is blazing, and I see
The faces of the company
Around the rough fir table met,
The reaming bickers ranged before ;
The rushlight in the centre set,
The housewife busy near the door

The shepherd from the hill is there,
The burly blacksmith bald and bare,
The ploughman huge of limb and arm,
And he, the warden of the farm ;
The cottar urchin, quick of eye,
Whose clothes in ragged length extend ;
Beside him "Towser," sleek and sly,
His ever faithful following friend.

That form within the old arm-chair,
With wrinkled brow and silver hair,
Has seen fourscore years wing their way,
Has mixed in many a bloody fray ;
And hale in limb he sits to-night
And tells of struggles for a throne ;
I list the staunch old Jacobite,
As garrulous he babbles on :—

"At thirty I was in my prime,
And well do I recall the time
Prince William footed Devonshire
And set our heather hearts on fire ;
Our rightful king was forced to flee,
As stricken deer to covert speeds,
And thoughts of him, far o'er the sea,
Awoke us unto desperate deeds.

We mustered on each lonely height
In gloomy masses in the night,
As clouds commingle, shift, and form,
Ere breaks the darkly-gathering storm ;
And, as in grandeur, swift and free,
The lightning darts athwart the sky,
The fiery spirit of Dundee
Flashed o'er our hearts a valour high.

Our hands upon our trusty blades,
We lurk in Achol's sombre shades,
As up the long Pass steep and high,
The foemen came with whoop and cry;
And grandly were they met, I row.

On Achol's sloping hill-sides bare,
And many a bonnet parted brow
Beneath the sultry summer air.

Foaming to pour itself in Tay.
The Garry ran full red that day.
As panting fox, with blood-stained feet,
Speeds onward to a calm retreat.
In front of battle, flashing free
As streamer in the northern skies,
We saw the long blade of Dundee
Waving us on to boid emprise.

As rivers rush o'er waterfalls,
As corn before the sickle falls,
We rush'd adown the slopes and smote
The canting carles, who answered not;
For, breaking as a herd of deer,
When in their midst a ball is sent,
The whining dogs, in frantic fear,
Fled from the stern arbitrament.

But dearly won was victory;
For still and dark lay great Dundee,
The spirit that ne'er brook'd control;
'Th' aurora borealis soul
Was passed away—a mangled form,
Senseless to earthly sight and sound,
Lay in the waning battle-storm,
An spent ball on the trampled ground.

On other fields than Athole plain
We fought for king and church again,
And prayed for leader like Dundee
To wave us on to vicrory.
'Time did not other such bequeath,
And, lingering on each lone hillside,
Like smouldering embers in the heath,
The fires of fortune paled and died."

.
A hand upon my arm is laid—
"A sheep from out the fold is strayed ;
You did not see it ?" "No, sir, no ;
Unless, indeed, you deem *me* so.
Aweary of your hills, I strayed
To this lone place my weed to light.
I fear me I have long delayed ;
The hour is late, my friend—good night."

* * * * *

Passing a Farm.

Within the large and open square,
A motley feathered crowd is seen,
And clamorous withal, I ween,
As pedlars, in a country fair,
Dangling their jewels in mid-air,
When rival pedlars intervene.

There, in the centre, where the dust
Of days is gathered, sparrows swarm
And wrangle in the sunlight warm
O'er speck of grain and sodden crust,
In wrath contentious and unjust—
Pugnacious arabs of the farm.

With stately step, erect and free,
The cock moves grandly through the crowd
And blows his clarion clear and loud,
Like one who stalks to liberty,
And sounds a note of victory
Before the face of tyrant proud.

Apart, his noontide walk begun,
The peacock in his spangled dress
Struts on in self-approved grace,
And curves his neck against the sun
And counts his beauties one by one.
The gay Malvolio of his race.

Within the barn, and scarce in view,
A dingy-visaged hen you see :
And straight you deem humility
Must harbour in that head askew
That looks so wistfully on you,
Like spinster chiding vanity.

The swallows on the gilded vane
Sit mute beneath the summer sky,
Or, stirred into a mutual cry,
Twitter and call for genial rain,
As parsons pray o'er sinful men—
White-throated in their pulpits high.

The oxen browse within the glade,
A horse is neighing in the stall :
I hear the jovial farmer call,
And voices answer over-head—
The burly ploughmen, newly fed,
Clatter from out their garret small.

A Farmer of the Old School.

"Whose grave is this?" A farmer's grave,
John Gordon—80—Aberlay;
The letters are decayed and dim,
Not so my memory of him—
His presence comes to me to-day.

In manners poor, and poor of speech;
But what a wealth of brawny limb!
Your jewelled gallants gazed in awe,
As if his presence made a law
For city folks to stare at him!

Ay, poor in speech and all unlearned,
Save in the lore the Book had given;
Unlettered as the boulders bare
That stand within the mountain air,
Rough-fashioned 'neath the bending heaven.

But underneath his manner stern,
Like springs in heather hid there lay
A heart to noble impulse given,
A soul that mirrored what of Heaven
A sin-o'ershadowed spirit may.

And though across his heart, I ween,
Full many a darkening thought did flit;
What then? His heart was ever true
As yon cerulean sea is blue,
Though phantom ships may darken it.

In lowly home his days he passed,
And simple pleasures only sought;
His feet ne'er trod the mansions grand,
Nor sought he in his soul to stand
Within the hidden halls of thought.

You say 'twas mere existence this—
 A waste that no high life affords ;
And I reply he lived in deeds.
And what to him the cry of creeds,
 Heard in the barren waste of words ?

God's fields were very fair and free,
 And dowered with wealth of heavenly grain ;
And grinning doubt was unto him
A paltry philosophic whim—
 An empty scare-crow of the brain.

His nature, whatsoe'er its faults,
 Had still a fresh and open look,
And truthful too, I well might say ;
And all his foibles, what were they
 But thumb-marks on a goodly book ?

A peaceful life—a quiet death,
 A grave among the glen folk dear ;
The history seems but dull and dim,
A picture with no gilded rim,
 But God may make it very clear !



Jeannie Japp.

“Noo, min’ ye be at the schule, Jeanie,
By the chap o’ ten o’clock,
For the maister shuts the door then,
An’ he winna answer yer knock.

Ye may pu’ a berry or twa, Jeanie,
By the roadside as ye gang ;
But dinna enter the wuds, bairn,
For fear ye bide owre lang.”

Wee Jeanie gaed doon the loanin’,
An’ her heart was beatin’ fain
As she thocht o’ the sweet blaeberries
That grow by the roadside lane.

“It’s a lang, lang hoor tae schule time,
I’ll wait here awee an’ pu’ ;
But I winna gang intae the wuds, though,
For my daidle’s white eenoo.

An’ mither wad scold her scholar,
If’t didna keep itsel’ braw ;
Eh, me ; but they taste like hinny,
An’ I’ve near haun’ pu’d them a’.

An’ I winder if Willie Osler
Is pass’d tae the schule or no’ ?
I’ll sit here a wee while waitin’,
An’ syne I’ll be ha’en to go.

Losh me ! what a lot o’ big anes
Are growin’ ablow yon tree ;
An’ I dinna see Willie Osler !
An’ I’ve plenty o’ time. An’ see !

Anither big bus' o' the berries,
The bonniest o' them a' !
I will pu' them for Willie Osler,
An' syne I maun gang awa'."

Wee Jeanie gaed into the woodlands
An' pluckit the berries blue,
And schuletime an' Willie Osler
Gaed by ; an' the cushie doo

Crooned i' the laich lown hollows,
An' the mottled throstle sang,
And the sun shines bricht, and Jeanie's
Asleep the berries amang !

The dark grey mists o' the gloamin'
Are creepin' on cot and cairn,
An' Adam Japp an' his ploomen
Are seekin' a waunert bairn.

"Thank gude, thank gude, I ha'e fund her,
An' my heart is unco' fu' ;"
And Adam bent doon an' prentit
A kiss on the bonnie broo.

Puir lass ! we are nocht but bairns,
The wisest amon' us a'—
Pleased wi' a shinin' fancy,
And easily led awa'.

Woo'd by oor lawless wishes
Awa' frae the shinin' mark ;
An' it's a' thro' His sweet mercy
We're no' left to dee i' the dark.

Day-Dream Changes.

Ding dong, ding dong, the church bells go,
Ding dong, ding dong, in the vale below ;
Over the moorland, up in the glen,
Ding dong, ding dong, for the sons of men ;
Ding dong, ding dong, the church bells go.

Telling his beads in the leafy aisle,
Mutters and mumbles the doleful brook ;
“ *Ave Maria*,” calls the dove,
“ *Ave Maria*,” full of love ;
“ *Oro pro nobis*,” croaks the rook,
“ *Oro pro nobis*,” echoes the grove ;
Telling his beads in the leafy aisle,
Mutters and mumbles the doleful brook.

Little grasshopper in the grass,
Posed in attitude gymnastic,
You begin your pranks too soon,
Nature’s striped pantaloons !
You should seek and sue for grace—
You—but, heart ! look in the glass ;
Life is but a shadow chase !
Grasshopper of the human race,
See your own high jinks fantastic !

Tinkle, tinkle, little brook,
Down the meadows, in the grasses ;
Riot in your liquid fun,
Like a child beneath the sun.

Tinkle, tinkle, while I look
As a child within a book,
While the pictured pageant passes ;
Tinkle, tinkle, flash and twinkle
Down the meadows, in the grasses.

Cease your " Chirrup, chirrup ! " sparrow,
Paltry socialist, grim and gruff ;
Communistic notions harrow,
And I trow we've heard enough,
For we ne'er can be as one
While we sit beneath the sun.
" Chirrup, chirrup ! " " Chirrup, chirrup ! "
In the fight with breath begun,
Some must fail and fall, O sparrow !

Crested laverock, soaring, singing,
In a rarer atmosphere,
Higher still, and higher winging
O'er the moorland and the mere :
I have caught a sudden yearning
To be like you here below—
Singing to my fellow-mortals,
In the azure of sweet learning,
All the music that I know.
Laverock, winging up the sky,
I would sing my song and die !



Nature and Art.

I've paced full oft the pleasant bounds
Of stately gardens, richly dight,
And owned, amid the gorgeous grounds,
To feelings of delight.

But wandering down a quiet wood,
And finding there a simple flower,
Has touched my heart to more of good
And dignified the hour.

And straying in the elysian fields
Of classic poesy, I've own'd
The nameless power that genius wields,
On radiant summits zoned !

But reading some poor poet's lay,
Whose soul smote sorrow with a song,
Has thrill'd me more than words can say
And made my spirit strong !

* * * * *

The Eagle.

Sweet the dewy morning
Cometh o'er the lea,
Softly light is breaking
O'er the solemn sea.

Breezes, perfume laden,
Pipe a joyous strain,
Like a song of gladness
From a poet's brain !

From the glen, the eagle
Soars in light away ;
Bold, strong limb'd marauder
Of the mountains grey !

See him o'er his eyrie
Flashing in the sun,
Like high thought that will not
Into language run !

Poised in azure freedom ;
Swooping from on high ;
See, in strength untamed,
The Rob Roy of the sky !

* * * * *

Reading Tennyson.

Here, in a dim, umbrageous nook,
Close by the Almond's amber stream,
I read the Poet-Laureate's book
And let my thoughts slip into dream.

I take his song, like cup a-drip
You raise, athirst, unto your lip,
And share the poet's passion terse,
Warm circling in the wine of verse !

I hear the heart-throbs, beat for beat,
Of his strong love's devouring heat,
And, as his scorn shoots up and flings
Its hot breath on all baser things,
I see, behind his wild regret,
Love lying, like some silhouette.

The "hollow ocean ridges" break
In cataracts of foam, and make
A wind-blown sound by Locksley Hall,
Such as of old did "roaring" call
The lingering lover, as stood he,
Like some dark shadow 'gainst the sea.

The spell of Genius rules the hour
And holds me like a captive bound ;
And, standing as on sacred ground,
I bow before the poet's power,
As in majestic verse sounds on
The ocean voice of Tennyson !
Th' "increasing purpose" of his lay
Touches the gates of happier day,
And, listing well his voice, I hear
Faint whisperings of "The Golden Year,"
And all my soul with peace instill'd
Is, as a golden vessel filled.

The Golden Year ! Ah! blessed hope
That poets sang to weary men,
Upon this dim world's darkened slope,
To nerve them for the fray again !

And it will come ! My faith shall fight
Behind that standard through the years,
And, spite of cynic flouts and jeers,
Upon my grave shall fall its light.

I see the promise of its prime
Shoot to the earth its radiance sweet,
And, closing this rich book of rhyme,
A withered flower falls at my feet.

But bonnie Elsie May, she 's aff and awa'
By the holms an' the green haughs o' Noran ;
For a flood, far awa' i' the west, has brak in twa,
An' a spate doon the glen glacks is pourin' !

The shepherd stepped doon frae St. Tarlan sae hie ;
He socht her by Shanford an' Ogil ;
But noch't could he hear but the wind i' the tree
An' the shriek o' the warlock an' bogle !

O! late, late at nicht the kye they gaed hame,
Adrippin' frae the floods o' Noran water ;
But bonnie Elsie May, oh ! the lassie never came,
Though the love o' a' the lang glen sought her.

Sweetly shone the sun when the black nicht flew awa',
Bonnilie it glinted on Noran !
But winsome Elsie May, the pride o' ane an' a',
To her high born kinsfolk was soarin' !

Far doon the dowie holm, whaur the flo'ers bloom fair,
The wild-briar rose-roots they caught her !
Wi' her face in the sands an' the win' in her hair,
She partied frae sabb'in' Noran water !



De Jure Rights

The first principle of the
law of nations is that
every state has the right
to self-determination.

The second principle is that
every state has the right
to territorial integrity.
The third principle is that
every state has the right
to political independence.

The fourth principle is that
every state has the right
to economic independence.
The fifth principle is that
every state has the right
to cultural independence.

The sixth principle is that
every state has the right
to social independence.
The seventh principle is that
every state has the right
to religious independence.

The eighth principle is that
every state has the right
to linguistic independence.
The ninth principle is that
every state has the right
to ethnic independence.

The tenth principle is that
every state has the right
to gender independence.
The eleventh principle is that
every state has the right
to sexual orientation independence.

Rude forms around the fierce fires gleamed,
And ribald lips did flout them,
As into heaven their faces beamed,
Their grand faith wrapt about them !

And women, too, in fervent faith,
Did brave the world's deriding ;
And at the stake, with latest breath,
Did prove their love abiding !

Serene in soul, they sway'd alone
In Solway's surging places ;
And as the rising waves rolled on,
God's glory smote their faces !

In the deep tide, when waters wide
Did rise and rush around them,
Each bow'd like some white-robed bride
Till heaven from earth unbound them.

And to this day there floats, above
The rush of yon wan waters,
The moving memory of the love
Of Wigtown's martyr'd daughters.

For noble act and fervent faith,
Dear hearts ! do perish never :
The Scottish martyrs in their death
Speak to the world for ever.

In Memoriam: W. B.

A lowly toiler, gentle and meek and mild,
He kept his even way
And, clinging to his Master like a child,
His soul knew no dismay.

With no repinings did he take the rug
'Twas his long time to drain :
But, to his blessed Saviour looking up,
He bore his cross of pain :

For he had seen the Vision, high and sure,
That kings might yearn to see !
And from the dross of earthly things made pure,
He sought the great To Be.

His form is hid, and down the crowded years
His memory sweet may fade :
But life to ONE has less of doubts and fears,
By his sweet human aid.

* * * * *

A Sprig of Mignonette.

Where few men come and look,
In the rich depths of a book
Through which runs a river of song !
I found the old love-token -
Faded, and bruised, and broken.

Faint perfume lingers yet
In the leaves of mignonette,
In the dead flower in my hand,
And a fair sweet face I see
In the garden of memory !

How strange our mechanism !
Like light within a prism
Where the rays divided lie,
The Past, by love subdued,
In my heart lies many-hued !

The breath of other days,
The odour of woodland ways
Come back to my life again ;
And dim thoughts crowding come,
Like mourners to a tomb !

And I feel that somewhere yet,
'Yond the Calvary of regret,
When the years are openèd,
I shall sit at my love's right hand
In the sheen of the Better Land !

For Death shall roll away
The stone of my love's decay,
As of old the angels came,
In robes of amethyst,
To the grave of buried Christ !



Sonnet: Philip James Bailey.

(Author of "*Festus*," &c.)

No idle dreamer of an empty day
 Art thou, O fervid poet! in whose breast
 The fires of strong devotion burn alway
 In the wild grandeur of their great unrest;
 Thou stridest towards the islands of the blest,
 Red-handed with the slaughter of all wrong;
 A warrior on a sun-bathed mountain crest,
 Thy weapon good, the gleaming sword of song.
 Thou art not born of Europe: all the earth
 Laps round thy being like a rising flood,
 And God has given a tinge of Asian blood
 To stir our longings into nobler birth;
 And so thou stand'st, with banner broad unfurl'd,
 A poet and a patriot of the world.

* * * * *

From Craigie Braes.

On Craigie braes: below me the grey town,
 A pensive stillness resting o'er it all
 After the day's brief fever; the flushed sun,
 Like some abandon'd patriot from the hill,
 Casts a last look—then, vanquished, hides his face,
 Leaving the world to shadow! Tender eve,
 Long-trained like a bridesmaid, seeks a rest
 On the broad Inch, and happy children there—
 God's living lyrics that all men do love—
 Make sweet the picture. The far-wander'd Tay
 Moves on in sinuous strength; and you do deem
 The picture perfect, till you turn to where,
 Half hidden in foliage, a huge walled prison
 Shews grimly—the black wound upon its breast!



Beneath the Blow.

Dead is my child of seven ;
Nor tears nor prayers could save ;
They say she is in Heaven :—
I only see a grave !

The days go by ; the nights ;
And still she cometh not ;
Nor bird of hope alights
Where she is unforget !

My heart is as a tree
By rude winds levell'd prone ;
Grief hides the world from me,
As grass grows round a stone.

Ah me ! no message yet
To mortal ears has come !
To souls, by Time beset,
The grave, the grave is dumb !

For me no golden links
Of hope :—no clasp'd hands :—
Death is a stolid sphynx
Upon life's barren sands !

* * * * *

The Angel of the Home.

Thou hast gone from the earth, my belov'd, my child ;
Thou hast passed the dark portal with soul undefiled,
My darling, my own !
The grass waveth green o'er the grave where thou
sleepest,
And Love in a lone home a long vigil keepst,
O passage bird flown !

Faith and Reason.

She was a simple child, and pure,
As ever walk'd the earth ;
And he, the boy of step secure,
Talk'd loudly of his birth.


"Far back within the past," said he,
"My pedigree clasp'd lies
On sure degrees of ancestry,
'Yond history's prying eyes.

Time wrote it with a million pens,
From beast, and bird, and man !
Eternity, as through a lens,
Saw how the rough deed ran.

And grand, and gloomy, and profound,
The ancient scene I wis !
The hoary centuries rang'd around
The silent witnesses.

The earth the olden record keeps
Secure, from age to age,
And ocean, in his soundless deeps,
Attests the heritage.

Come thou with me, and wond'ring look,
O babe of yesterday !
And read, as from some mighty book,
Where young Creation lay.



Come thou and view, O child of grace !
In long deserted halls,
The image of his infant face
Hung on the world's great walls."

" Ah! no; in wonders so sublime
I may not here engage ;
The hills of God are high to climb
Where lies my heritage."

* * * * *

Dead Apples.

Only dead apples, lying
With folded garments here :
Pluck'd in the garden's beauteous bounds,
In the noon of a bye-gone year.

Only dead apples, darling ;
See, I throw them away ;
But their perfume will cling to the raiment
For many and many a day.

" Only dead apples." Ay, dearest ;
But here, in this 'kerchief white,
Is shrined a little lyric,
If I had the gift to write.

'Tis a year ago since you gave it,
And something else beside,
As sitting beneath the apple trees
You promised to be my bride.

And sweet with my life's hopes hidden,
The apples of your words lay ;
And love, like a stainless 'kerchief,
Is odour'd with them to-day.

Only dead apples, worthless ;
Thrown away, my dear ;
But the words you spake I keep them still
Heart-fragrant here !

* * * * *


Room.

Room for the silent thoughts
That rise in the heart again
In the deep'ning twilight, and sit
Like shadows, or play and flit
In the firelight of the brain !

Room for the joy that comes
Like a bird to the window, and sings ;
Room for the sorrow that flings
On the landscape of tender regrets
The shadow of passing wings.

Room for the holy desires
That flicker and flash in the dark
Of the temple of God in the flesh ;
Room for the will that aspires,
Feeble and faint tho' the spark.

Room for faith that will lead
Doubt and despair from the mire ;
Room to reach higher and higher,
In the thought, and the word, and the deed,
From the filth of the carnal desire



Room for all that is good
In the creeds and the crotchets of men ;
The manifold wars of wild words
Will cease, like the clanging of swords,
When peace plies the distaff again.

Room, wide room, to fight
The error that lurks in the dark
And the evil that shunneth the light ;
Room, that we miss not the mark
As we battle for truth and the right.

For all things lovely, room ;
The tender things and the strong ;
For the hope that dies in a day,
And the patience that liveth long,
Room in our souls, wide room.

* * * * *

David Gray. *

Among my books, with works of mightier meaning,
The name of David Gray
Claims of my heart an ever-growing allegiance—
A fealty strong as they.

The fervid life of passionate, fond endeavour,
The song that ended soon,
Are odorous in their broken incompleteness
As flow'rs despoiled in June.

To me this day his tender memory cometh
With the fast-falling leaves,
And haunts the stubbled field, where bare-armed
autumn
Binds up his golden sheaves.

And this grand river, by whose banks I linger,
The world has named the Tay,
Rolls through my dreams, into the pastoral Luggie,
And sings of David Gray.

I never hear the cuckoo's voice, enchanted,
From tower or tree hymn down,
But with its ending floats an adumbration
Of his strange-voiced renown.

And then I ponder on the mystery dismal
That quenches these frail lights,
Held rev'rently, in Nature's wondrous temple,
By Fame's pale acolytes ;

Song-sainted names that fill heart-haunted places,
In the long aisles of Time,
And keep the freshness of their song apparel
Embalm'd in richest rhyme.

Reaches their song its measure of fulfilment
Up in the blue heavens yonder ?
And is the laurel, flung down here, restored
In yon bright realms, I wonder ?

Vain question, that can never here be answered ;
But, shade of David Gray !
Accept the rose leaves of a heart's devotion
From my poor hand to-day.

* The brief and pathetic life-story of David Gray, the Kirkintilloch poet, has been told by the late Sheriff Bell, of Glasgow, and by the late Lord Houghton (Richard Monkton Milnes).

Autumn.

Old Autumn came in the night-time,
Ruddy faced, with auburn hair ;
A keen-eyed carle singing
Weird songs, through which went ringing
The music of some despair.

He came in clouds of hoar-frost
And squatted among the woods ;
Through leafy aisle and chancel
He went, with his magic pencil
At work in the solitudes.

And through the tangled orchard
And up o'er the garden wall
He clomb in exultation,
Spreading a revelation
Of beauty, by hut and hall.

And out on the breezy moorland
His strange, ragged form was seen ;
Over the hills and valleys,
And down in the leafy alleys,
Had the quaint old artist been.

And so he wrought and triumphed
In the glory he unfurled ;
And he cried—"Come, read my story;
This painted allegory,
Hung on the walls of the world."

The sun looked out in wonder
The dull amber clouds behind,
As you stand in dim amazement,
And suffer a strange abasement,
In presence of some great mind.

I waited and watched beside him,
And saw him laid in his grave,
For Winter came and slew him,
Into the red dust threw him,
And called him a vaunting knave !

* * * * *

The Crusade.

I sit and read from a volume
That thrilled me, years ago,
Till all my being's knight-errantry
Went forth with the tale's dark flow.

I feel the old ardour rise again—
The might of the fervour strong,
When the heart like a young crusader
Leapt up in the face of wrong.

But the feeling lasts not longer
Than the flow of a rain-fed brook,
And the troubled present flows on again,
Undisturbed ; and I shut my book.

But, sitting alone in the twilight,
A thought rises up and contemns
This age, with its paltry crusades, that lead
Unto strange Jerusalems !

And I question myself—as one may do,
Astray on a waste by night—
“Now which of the voices I hear to-day
Will lead me on to the right?”

Then my soul makes answer firm and strong :
“In thy life’s great holy land,
A mighty crusade awaiteth thee
To finish with thy right hand.

“Infidel thoughts and the hordes of doubt
Are marshall’d against thee there ;
And loudly their Allah-il-allahs ring out,
Drowning the drumbeats of prayer.

“Then forth to the battle, in armour strong,
And cleanse thy life of the sin
That stalks through its sacred places, and sits
Its holy of holies within.”

* * * * *

Harpers Twain.

Joy smote upon the harp with might,
And the glad world drew near ;
Strong men, of flesh and blood and brain,
Bent down the song to hear :—
“Lo ! neath the music’s pulsing flow
The wine of life glows red !
The gods have come to earth again
To bless mankind,” they said.

Mute Sorrow took the harp, and swept
The strings that throbbed with pain :—

The angels up in Heaven did hear
The burden of the strain !
" Lo ! 'neath the music's pulsing flow
The wine of death is red !
God sends the harper Sorrow down
To save the world," they said.

And up and down, by thorp and town,
The minstrels held their way :
Sorrow, the pale-faced wanderer,
And Joy, the bright and gay !

Through every land, down every age,
The twain musicians went,
Harping adown the halls of Time,
This life their instrument !

* * * * *

Spearing the Salmon.

Darkness above and around,
As we kneel in the grass ;
Darkness, and only the sound
Of the winds that pass !

Creep closer, the night's unkind ;
Dip the torches again :
Ha ! how they flicker and flash in the wind,
And the mist, and the rain !

Leisters flash in the blaze,
And the grim masks gleam
Like bigot faces of other days
Come back in a dream !

Ready, lads?—steadily then
With the lights o'erhead :—
See how they flicker and flash again
In the river bed !

Moan of the waters dark
And the grey owl's call :—
“Tu whut, tu whu !” from the great hall-park
By the feathered cannibal !

Up stream with a steady tread,
Leisters all bared ; and then,
With torch-lights flashing o'erhead,
Be the hand quick—and the brain !

Darkness above and around ;
And the long light lies
In the wide dark pool, like a comet hung
In the vaulted skies !

.

Plash of the waves on the strand ;
A tug and a strain, and lo !
A lustrous “beauty” is brought to land,
In the way that poachers know !



A Ballad of Cheer.

Open wide the sluggish channels
For the flowing in of good ;
Prove us workers, O my masters !
In a growing brotherhood.

Is a wrong within a system,
Holding lives in grim despair ?
Drag it dead unto the daylight,
Like a leopard from its lair !

There is wealth of lordly labour
For our lives of blood and brain,
That the forces owned of freedom
May flow down to common men.

Open wide the sluggish channels ;
Lo ! the centuries have choked
All the waterways of progress,
And we stand like bestial yoked !

Yoked to laws that lord it o'er us
Till the homes we claim our own
'Fore the mighty million'd monarchs
Crumble down by stone and stone !

Open wide the sluggish channels ;
Let the waves of justice flow
From the moated grange and palace
To the cottar's hut below !

Shall the beasts that play'd wide havoc
In the jungles of our fears—
Priestcraft foul and superstition—
Rule the forward flowing years ?

Lust, that laps a nation's virtue ;
Lust and all her hellish brood ;
Are they still to haunt the pathways
That are leading on to good ?

No, we answer ; by high Heaven,
While a spark of life remains,
We will smite them in the haunches
Till the blood drip from their veins !

Open wide the sluggish channels
To the good time, pure and free,
When the things we name unholy
In the broad land shall not be !

Lo ! the Past is one grim graveyard,
Where proud Empire swept our sons ;
But, above the dust that hides them,
We will stand unto our guns !

Open wide the sluggish channels ;
Let the "right divine" of kings
Bleach within the past for ever,
Like a vulture's wither'd wings !

Ah ! the brilliant bird of Conquest
Dips its wings in human gore ;
But the golden day is coming
That shall see it nevermore.

Open wide the sluggish channels
To the Life Divine of Christ,
Gleaming down the generations
Like a sparkling amethyst !

Falls a brother by the wayside,
Is it thine to stand and sneer ?
Ye, with little code of morals,
And with paltrier maxims near !


Ah ! I see one, baffled, beaten,
And he falleth at your side ;
And you turn in pious wisdom,
And you gaze in unctuous pride !

He is fallen ; but, I tell you,
He is wiser, lying low
In the dust of his abasement,
Than the wisdom that you know.

Hug your little acts of worship,
Ye who glory in your deeds ;
Count your virtues on your fingers,
As a monk may tell his beads !

Life to you has been a pillow,
And the evil passing by
But as passing paltry nightmare
When the hour of dawn is nigh ;

He did grapple—ah, and nobly—
With the panther of his fate,
While ye gazed from out the palace,
While ye stood within the gate !



Ah! the fierce, heroic struggles
Of the weak, who fighting fall,
When the battle with the passions
Proves the sternest fight of all!

Lo! the world is starr'd with heroes—
Reach them down from out the shelf!
Not a great immortal 'mongst them
Ever master'd half himself!

Upward, onward, O my masters;
They are great who dare to lead
From the moonlight of dull dreaming
To the sunlight of high deed!

Upward ever, O my brothers;
Let the night-owls of our kind
Croak their petty moralisings
Till their little souls are blind!

Upward, onward, O my masters,
In the paths of truth and love,
As the apple juices crimson
In the rounding buds above!

Chants a poet song-annointed,
'Mid the world's loud babel roar?
Open wide your hearts unto him,
Give him space to sing and soar:—

Give him room, and give him welcome;
Song is needed on this earth,
When the mighty voice of Mammon
Clanks a song of money's worth!

They were the makers and the made—
 In the days of the past
 Fighting against their common foe
 From the burning forge of life

As a man single-handed
 Fighting pain and misery dead—
 And now his men are coming
 As a man mounts his steed

Saying now upon the present
 As it reads the moments down
 Press us forward, all the more we
 Of our purpose Freedom crown

Forward, forward, O my masters,
 They are great who dare to lead
 From the midnight of dull dreaming
 To the sunrise of high deed

Hearest thou the din of arms
 Sounding, "Lo, the banner'd band?"
 When the val' ranks out the sword-blade
 For the universal good

Hear them not, O fresh-brow'd brothers;
 Let them croak within their place.
 While the world goes thundering past them
 Like an inter-ocean race:

Open wide the sluggish channels,
 Hold the reins and keep the course,
 That we be not as dumb puppets
 On a painted rocking-horse!

Life is more than mere existence
In a cunning shell displayed,
Like the cold and humid oyster
That you open with a blade !

Life ! the mystic exhalation
Of the breath of very God !
Shall it pass away and vanish,
All unbless'd, to its abode ?

Nay ! we answer ; not as statues
In the market-place of Time,
But with souls alive and throbbing
Towards a destiny sublime

Do we face the foes that front us,
Do we range us in the van,
In the long, long war for Freedom
And the brotherhood of man !



Children.

They raise our souls unto the Heaven above.
They wean our hearts from the world's paltry strife:
God's own divinest legends, writ in love!
The sweetest poems in the book of life.

* * * * *

A Dying Child.

"There is a happy land—far, far away"
The dying child did sing: then laid her down
In the still night, and near, oh near her lay
The Blessed Land where it is always day!

* * * * *

Sorrow.

Sorrow has but one language, all mankind
Must learn her mystic symbols; small and great,
The dullard and the learnedly refined,
In one great class-room spell the Book of Fate!

* * * * *

Restraint.

Content to breathe a flinty word
Into the ear of loud discord,
And hold within its sheath the sword.

Wi' the Lave.

Playin' mang the grave-stanes,
Bonnie bairnies three :
Comes a draigilt urchin,
Wow ! wha is he ?

Teilyeur Tamsan's laddie,—
Druckin Teilyeur Tam :
“ What dae ye in sic a gate—?
Back the road ye cam ! ”

Tears within his bonnie een,
Flichter'd rins the bairn ;
Hobbles doon the minister,
Shuts the gate o' airn !

Dance the bonnie bairnies
In their silken shoon ;
In the stoory gutter
Rows a toosy loon !

Hech, it's years an' years syne ;
Noo they're a' awa—
Lyn' 'neath the green girse,
Happit wi' the snaw !

Aft in dreams I see them,
'Yond the gruesome grave,
And an angel urchin
Playin' wi' the lave !

St. Leonard's.*(Written for a Bazaar Book.)*

I heard St. Leonard's, old and grey,
Plead earnestly, as one doth pray,
And this is what she deigned to say :

“Go forward bravely ; work and spin,
And in the city favours win,
That God's own house be bright within.

Oh, make the people's calm retreat
A radiant place, for worship meet,
A pleasant rest for Jesus' feet.

And lowly pew, and pulpit-stair,
Oh, keep them beautiful and fair
For meditation bending there.

Make pure the walls ; the windows bright
That soft may fall the blessed light
Into a temple richly dight !

And all around ; let beauty be
In flower, and shrub, and tender tree :
And 'mong the people—amity.”

The Bells of Perth.

Under the sombre arches
Of the churches old and hoar,
I stood, while the grey guide babbled
Their solemn history o'er,
Lightly as one who tells a tale
He has told full oft before.

And as I stood there gazing
The market crowds among,
The bells in the lofty belfry
Pealed out steady and strong
The music bequeathed by the manhood,*
Of a great high-priest of song.

And listing to the pealing
Of the strong bells overhead,
I felt a touch on my shoulder,
And he at my right hand said,
"This tune is clear and perfect
But all the rest are dead."

"In the years that I remember
Other tunes the bells did play,
But the belfry, left untended,
The melodies died away !
And only is left this one clear tune
In the chimes of Perth to-day."

* "A man's a man for a' that."

I passed down through the city,
And the words that the old man spoke
Flash'd on my soul as a light is thrown
On the dial of a clock,
And these are the radiant letters
That from the darkness broke.

"In the wreck of thy hopes and wishes,
'Mid the jangle of earthly fears,
When the joy-bells of existence
Are muffled in human tears,
O, soul keep thou thy manhood!
Ringing throughout the years."

* * * * *

"Citizen" Kit.

Step in, friend. Ay, she is dead, sir, dead enough,
poor thing,
All the sorrow swept from her face by the waft of an
angel's wing;
And the air in the room is foul, you say? Ay, foul,
and damp, and chill;
And there's not much of comfort there, friend—there,
where she lies so still:
The cupboard is bare enough too, God wot! but
missionar', that's not it—
That's not the cause of her lying there. Poor, dead,
"Citizen Kit!"

"Citizen Kit," we called her; like a lithe kitten was
she,
In her playful pranks and pastimes, and, oh, she was
dear to me!

"*Citiz, Citiz, Citiz !*" any night you might hear her cry,
Like a spirit voice in the rain and wind, calling to
passers by—

"*Citiz, Citiz, Citiz !*" by gusty crossing and square,
"*Citiz, Citiz !*" pleaded the voice out in the wild
night there,

"*Citiz, Citiz, Citiz !*" down the bewildering street,
"*Citiz, Citiz, Citiz !*" like a lost lamb's plaintive bleat.
"*Citiz, Citiz !*" I hear it yet—the bleat of my wee pet
lamb.

And——forgive me, friend, but the tears *will* come,
grey and old as I am.

Father or mother ? Ah, well sir, mother is dead long
ago.

She was my only daughter, and this was my darling oe ;
Now they are taken from me, as sunshine forsakes the
lane,

And the poor rag-picker's workshop will never be
bright again !

Sorry task is the gardener's that has no flowers to
tend,

And mine, my lilly and rosebud, are dead, and I
wait the end.

You remember "Black Dan," don't you ?—him with
the scar on his face—

The lane's prize-fighting bully, the rough lane's pet
disgrace ?

Don't remember Kit's father ? I wish I could forget,
For there's something hot at my heart here I have
not conquered yet :


Something that—Good God love us !—his name still
sticks in my throat,

And I would not care to answer for what I had in my
thought

That night I bent o'er my darling, my Nellie, my joy,
and pride,
Clouted to death by slow degrees by the villain at her
side.
Murder was in my heart then, red and ready to smite,
And stillness was in the room here, and silence out in
the night—
Within and without all silent ; and there on the floor
he lay
In a drunken sleep, the villain, who shattered my life
that day.

I looked once more on my daughter, my only daughter,
dead,
And I lifted the axe in my trembling hand, I raised it
above my head—
I raised it and swung it around my head, but e'er the
blow was given
I caught the gleam of a baby face, like an angel of
light from heaven ;
Crashing, the axe fell down at my feet, and I knew in
that moment wild
That I had been saved from a murderous deed by
the face of a little child—
Saved by the little innocent child, lying asleep on the
bed.
And now she is taken from me—" *Citizen Kit* " is
dead !
Dead ! and what can my life be, what will it mean at
all ?
Oh, blurred and defaced it seems this day, as the
placards on some dead wall

Died of fever, you say sir ? so it is written down
In the scrawl of the learned doctor and the books of
the busy town.



What does it matter to me, friend, sit thee down while
I tell
The story of my wee darling, and how her death befel :

“ *Citiz, Citiz, Citiz !* ” rang the clear voice on the
bridge
Seven days ago, as I held my way down by the river’s
edge.

“ *Citiz, Citiz, Citiz !* ” and didn’t the papers go
That night, with its news of battle and the enemy’s
overthrow.

“ *Citiz, Citiz, Citiz !* ” Quickly they went away,
For the kilted lads of Scotland had been in the front
of the fray—

Had been in the front, as ever, and a brave boy fresh
from the plough

Had fallen—the first in the battle—with glory wreath-
ing his brow.

That made the papers sell, friend—the brave boy had
done his part,

And the worship of the heroic lies hot at the British
heart.

“ *Citiz, Citiz, Citiz !* ” the papers went all away,
And “ *Citizen Kit* ” flew into my arms and kissed her
grandfather grey—

Kissed me, and whispered into my ears, as the great
crowd hurried past,

“ I’ve lots of pennies to-night, *rather* (she called me
that to the last),

“ Lots of pennies to buy us bread ; but *he*, if he come
to know,”

And the wee thing quivered close at my breast : I
staggered as from a blow.

Down the long docks we wandered, my darling Kit
and I ;

White crept the fog up the river broad, and dark
gloom'd the evening sky.

We saw the lights in the dockyards gleam thro' the
mist and the rain,

And we heard the tramp of strong labour, homeward
returning again.

Tramp, tramp, in the dismal night, it sounded along
the street,

The music of honest labour made by an hundred feet!

Tramp, tramp, in the dismal night, and lo! ere ever
I wist,

"A man in the river!" was shouted aloud, right thro'
the heart of the mist.

"A man in the river!" I know that cry—I know it;
and, quick as thought,

Joe Breck and I were out from the shore, pulling
about in a boat—

Beating about, but nothing we saw, all in the river
was still,

And the speechless faces upon the docks seemed
bodeful of coming ill.

Sobbing and throbbing the tide crept in with hungry
and unclean lips—

Like a great black beast it crept and crawled, lapping
the sides of the ships.


"Where away, lads?" shouted Joe right out to the
crowd by the river's edge;

But ere the quick words found an answer there, a
scream pierced the night like a wedge—

A scream and a splash in the river, and "right in the
lamplight's track,

I saw it go down in the darkness, dim, indistinct, and
black,"

Said Joe to me in a whisper, and we pulled in the
might of despair—



Pulled, and Joe grasped it—the thing that he saw—
and held it fast by the hair—
Held it, trailing it up; and I saw, and stagger'd back
on my knee,
The face of Kit's father—Kit's father, my soul!
ghastly and livid to see.
Kit's father! and clasped at his neck—great God! as
bound to an unclean thing—
Kit's wee white face! I reel'd in the boat like a bird
shot dead on the wing—
Reel'd at Joe's feet; and the lights went out, and all
the wide heavens grew black,
And the mighty city itself seemed to swing like a ship
in the tempest's wrack;
Swinging, crashing, it swept o'er my brain, and the
rest of that awful night
Is a mighty horror of darkness, sunk like a ship out of
sight!
Darkness, the blackness of darkness! nought I recall
till I lay
Looking on Dan—nay, he is not dead—as he slunk
out yesterday—
Slunk out with the fumes of drink on his breath, with
never a loving look
To the little lass drifting outward to God, her wee
hand laid on His Book.
Never a loving look or word. Oh, God! it was hard
to bear;
But I staggered up from my pallet of straw and prayed
o'er my darling a prayer—

Prayed for him who had wronged us, for him she had
saved from the tide,
When writing his name in darkness, in the book of
the suicide—

Prayed as a poor man prays, sir, lacking a gift of
speech ;
And some day, mayhap, He will answer, to show that
the heart can reach
Higher than words of wisdom, nearer than tongue or
pen,
When He takes up one of His darlings unto Himself
again.

* * * * *

The Match-Girl.

(A Poetical Reading).

A simple match-girl, that was all
That half the city urchins knew ;
A little, elfish girl of ten,
With pinchéd face, and eyes of blue,
Toiling amid the wind and rain.

“ A match-girl ? ” Ay, a match-girl sure,
And as your own fair daughters pure ;
She should have been a princess grand,
But fate flung down from heaven a chain
That bound her to a father wild ;
And well she wore it, the sweet child !
And, with her match-box in her hand,
And by a love that lifts the world,
It drew her soul to heaven again.

“ Her story ? ” (Ah, dear little Nell,
Thy story is not long to tell
To human ears). Her story ? Well.

.

'Twas winter, the wild winter time,
And snow was white in street and square,
On the great housetops, in the air,
Filling, and falling everywhere !
And keen the frost and cold the rime.

The city lamps were lit ; the shops
Were white with wishes ; starr'd with hopes
Of Christmas ; and the eager crowd,
Robed with the snow, as in a shroud,
Was boisterous as the wind, and loud.

Sudden, a cry is heard,
Down the wide bounds of the street—
A cry, and a tramping of feet—
A quick rush of men with no words
On their lips, and their faces are white
As a snowblast sweeping the streets at night !

Down a lane scurries the crowd
Stops of a sudden, and there !
Lifting its face to the sky,
Sees on a house-top high.
Something moving up there—
The form of a man in the air !
Shouting and singing aloud
On the roof-top high 'twixt earth and cloud !

" Ned Burden, the sweep," says Galbraith,
The night-watchman, his face pale as death,
" Ned Burden drunk on the roof ! "
That was all that was said, and a tremor ran,
Swift as a shuttle through warp and woof—
A tremor of horror from man to man !

‘Come down, Ned, come down,’ broke a hundred
 voices in one ;
“Come down, Ned, come down,” the echoes went far
 and wide ;
“Come down, come down,” the city’s void places
 replied,
But drowsily sat drunk Ned on the roof, and made
 answer none.

“To the rescue—a ladder !” said brave Tim Bates,
Looking into the face of his mates ;
A dozen stout hearts obey the call,
And through the press of the surging crowd
A ladder is borne ’mid the tumult loud,
And flung like a willow against the wall.

“Now for it, lads,” says Tim, and bares
His head to the crowd, and quickly prepares,
But lo ! as he turns, and lifts his eyes
On the tender pathway up to the skies
Why does he stagger back on the crowd,
Bent as an oak when the storm is loud ?

Something he sees on the ladder up there ;
Struggling, mounting into the air !
Something ? What ! “My God, can it be
Little Nell Burden’s ghost I see !
Her figure behind me I recall
As the ladder was flung against the wall.”
And a mist comes over the eyes of Tim,
Gazing up in moonlight dim,
As, clinging up there in the wintry weather,
Flutters Nell’s form like a wind-blown feather.

Above is the long roof, white and steep,
Below, a chasm of darkness deep,
And her senses swim for a moment, lost
In a tangled dream of the trapper, frost !
The white, glinting snow into darkness runs,
Then breaks into million’d stars and suns !

A moment only her danger divining,
She looks to the heavens and the wan moon shining,
Swings from the ladder, and slips to the slates,
With a ringing "All safe!" to Tim and his mates.

Cold is the snow-clad roof and white,
Glinting weird in the pale moonlight!
Cold!—but wee Nell beats it back,
Toiling up o'er the treacherous track,
And clinging, climbing, with heart of hope
She clutches Burden—asleep at the top!

"Father, father!" In vain she spoke;
No words from Ned Burden the stillness broke.
"Father!"—the shrill voice rang up the air,
And I think that One made answer there,
As, wailing "Father, father!" she lay,
The keen winds cutting her breath away.
Cold is the snow-clad roof and white,
Glinting weird in the pale moonlight—
Cold! and the great crowd far below,
Watches a black speck on the snow,
Moving, mounting higher, higher,
Up the steep roof by the shadowy spire.

A moment still, then crawling along
Like a prowling beast the jungle among,
Keeping its path with a purpose strong,
It moves, and it moves! and the agonised crowd
Flings up a deafening cheer and loud,
As brave 'Tim Bates, with the moon in his face,
Clutches wee Nell from the perilous place!
Clutches, clasps her close to his breast,
Cold as the marble is cold, and as chaste.

That cheer from below? It was more than a cheer—
It stormed with a breath the bastions of fear,
Nerving Tim Bates the roof ridge along,
Bearing his burden steady and strong;
Lighted him down by the gable wall,

...the

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be improved.

2. The second step is to set goals. These should be specific, measurable, achievable, relevant, and time-bound (SMART).

3. The third step is to develop a plan. This involves determining the steps needed to achieve the goals and assigning responsibilities.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring progress.

5. The fifth step is to evaluate the results. This involves comparing the actual results with the goals and identifying areas for improvement.

6. The sixth step is to make adjustments. This involves making changes to the plan or goals based on the evaluation.

7. The seventh step is to communicate. This involves sharing the results and lessons learned with others.

8. The eighth step is to document. This involves recording the process and results for future reference.

9. The ninth step is to review. This involves periodically reviewing the process and results to ensure ongoing improvement.

10. The tenth step is to celebrate. This involves recognizing and celebrating the achievements and successes.

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the work.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves identifying the resources needed, the tasks to be completed, and the timeline for the project.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress as the project moves forward.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing whether the objectives were met and identifying any lessons learned for future projects.

1. The house is on the corner of the
 2. 1st and 2nd streets, near the
 3. 4th and 5th streets, on the
 4. 6th and 7th streets, on the
 5. 8th and 9th streets, on the
 6. 10th and 11th streets, on the
 7. 12th and 13th streets, on the
 8. 14th and 15th streets, on the
 9. 16th and 17th streets, on the
 10. 18th and 19th streets, on the
 11. 20th and 21st streets, on the
 12. 22nd and 23rd streets, on the
 13. 24th and 25th streets, on the
 14. 26th and 27th streets, on the
 15. 28th and 29th streets, on the
 16. 30th and 31st streets, on the
 17. 32nd and 33rd streets, on the
 18. 34th and 35th streets, on the
 19. 36th and 37th streets, on the
 20. 38th and 39th streets, on the
 21. 40th and 41st streets, on the
 22. 42nd and 43rd streets, on the
 23. 44th and 45th streets, on the
 24. 46th and 47th streets, on the
 25. 48th and 49th streets, on the
 26. 50th and 51st streets, on the
 27. 52nd and 53rd streets, on the
 28. 54th and 55th streets, on the
 29. 56th and 57th streets, on the
 30. 58th and 59th streets, on the
 31. 60th and 61st streets, on the
 32. 62nd and 63rd streets, on the
 33. 64th and 65th streets, on the
 34. 66th and 67th streets, on the
 35. 68th and 69th streets, on the
 36. 70th and 71st streets, on the
 37. 72nd and 73rd streets, on the
 38. 74th and 75th streets, on the
 39. 76th and 77th streets, on the
 40. 78th and 79th streets, on the
 41. 80th and 81st streets, on the
 42. 82nd and 83rd streets, on the
 43. 84th and 85th streets, on the
 44. 86th and 87th streets, on the
 45. 88th and 89th streets, on the
 46. 90th and 91st streets, on the
 47. 92nd and 93rd streets, on the
 48. 94th and 95th streets, on the
 49. 96th and 97th streets, on the
 50. 98th and 99th streets, on the
 51. 100th and 101st streets, on the
 52. 102nd and 103rd streets, on the
 53. 104th and 105th streets, on the
 54. 106th and 107th streets, on the
 55. 108th and 109th streets, on the
 56. 110th and 111th streets, on the
 57. 112th and 113th streets, on the
 58. 114th and 115th streets, on the
 59. 116th and 117th streets, on the
 60. 118th and 119th streets, on the
 61. 120th and 121st streets, on the
 62. 122nd and 123rd streets, on the
 63. 124th and 125th streets, on the
 64. 126th and 127th streets, on the
 65. 128th and 129th streets, on the
 66. 130th and 131st streets, on the
 67. 132nd and 133rd streets, on the
 68. 134th and 135th streets, on the
 69. 136th and 137th streets, on the
 70. 138th and 139th streets, on the
 71. 140th and 141st streets, on the
 72. 142nd and 143rd streets, on the
 73. 144th and 145th streets, on the
 74. 146th and 147th streets, on the
 75. 148th and 149th streets, on the
 76. 150th and 151st streets, on the
 77. 152nd and 153rd streets, on the
 78. 154th and 155th streets, on the
 79. 156th and 157th streets, on the
 80. 158th and 159th streets, on the
 81. 160th and 161st streets, on the
 82. 162nd and 163rd streets, on the
 83. 164th and 165th streets, on the
 84. 166th and 167th streets, on the
 85. 168th and 169th streets, on the
 86. 170th and 171st streets, on the
 87. 172nd and 173rd streets, on the
 88. 174th and 175th streets, on the
 89. 176th and 177th streets, on the
 90. 178th and 179th streets, on the
 91. 180th and 181st streets, on the
 92. 182nd and 183rd streets, on the
 93. 184th and 185th streets, on the
 94. 186th and 187th streets, on the
 95. 188th and 189th streets, on the
 96. 190th and 191st streets, on the
 97. 192nd and 193rd streets, on the
 98. 194th and 195th streets, on the
 99. 196th and 197th streets, on the
 100. 198th and 199th streets, on the
 101. 200th and 201st streets, on the
 102. 202nd and 203rd streets, on the
 103. 204th and 205th streets, on the
 104. 206th and 207th streets, on the
 105. 208th and 209th streets, on the
 106. 210th and 211th streets, on the
 107. 212th and 213th streets, on the
 108. 214th and 215th streets, on the
 109. 216th and 217th streets, on the
 110. 218th and 219th streets, on the
 111. 220th and 221st streets, on the
 112. 222nd and 223rd streets, on the
 113. 224th and 225th streets, on the
 114. 226th and 227th streets, on the
 115. 228th and 229th streets, on the
 116. 230th and 231st streets, on the
 117. 232nd and 233rd streets, on the
 118. 234th and 235th streets, on the
 119. 236th and 237th streets, on the
 120. 238th and 239th streets, on the
 121. 240th and 241st streets, on the
 122. 242nd and 243rd streets, on the
 123. 244th and 245th streets, on the
 124. 246th and 247th streets, on the
 125. 248th and 249th streets, on the
 126. 250th and 251st streets, on the
 127. 252nd and 253rd streets, on the
 128. 254th and 255th streets, on the
 129. 256th and 257th streets, on the
 130. 258th and 259th streets, on the
 131. 260th and 261st streets, on the
 132. 262nd and 263rd streets, on the
 133. 264th and 265th streets, on the
 134. 266th and 267th streets, on the
 135. 268th and 269th streets, on the
 136. 270th and 271st streets, on the
 137. 272nd and 273rd streets, on the
 138. 274th and 275th streets, on the
 139. 276th and 277th streets, on the
 140. 278th and 279th streets, on the
 141. 280th and 281st streets, on the
 142. 282nd and 283rd streets, on the
 143. 284th and 285th streets, on the
 144. 286th and 287th streets, on the
 145. 288th and 289th streets, on the
 146. 290th and 291st streets, on the
 147. 292nd and 293rd streets, on the
 148. 294th and 295th streets, on the
 149. 296th and 297th streets, on the
 150. 298th and 299th streets, on the
 151. 300th and 301st streets, on the
 152. 302nd and 303rd streets, on the
 153. 304th and 305th streets, on the
 154. 306th and 307th streets, on the
 155. 308th and 309th streets, on the
 156. 310th and 311th streets, on the
 157. 312th and 313th streets, on the
 158. 314th and 315th streets, on the
 159. 316th and 317th streets, on the
 160. 318th and 319th streets, on the
 161. 320th and 321st streets, on the
 162. 322nd and 323rd streets, on the
 163. 324th and 325th streets, on the
 164. 326th and 327th streets, on the
 165. 328th and 329th streets, on the
 166. 330th and 331st streets, on the
 167. 332nd and 333rd streets, on the
 168. 334th and 335th streets, on the
 169. 336th and 337th streets, on the
 170. 338th and 339th streets, on the
 171. 340th and 341st streets, on the
 172. 342nd and 343rd streets, on the
 173. 344th and 345th streets, on the
 174. 346th and 347th streets, on the
 175. 348th and 349th streets, on the
 176. 350th and 351st streets, on the
 177. 352nd and 353rd streets, on the
 178. 354th and 355th streets, on the
 179. 356th and 357th streets, on the
 180. 358th and 359th streets

